THE LAND WE LOVE.

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EDUCATION.*

That our readers may form some idea of how immeasurably we of the South are behind the most prosperous countries of the old world, we will institute a comparison between ourselves and Great Britain. From the Census of 1860 we have compiled the following table:

STATES.	POPULATION. Slave.	Free.	AGGREGATE. White & Colored.	AREA. Square Miles.
Maryland,.....	599,860	87,189	687,049	9,356
Virginia,.....	1,105,453	490,865	1,596,318	61,352
North-Carolina,.....	661,563	331,059	992,622	45,000
South-Carolina,.....	301,302	402,406	703,708	24,500
Georgia.....	595,088	462,198	1,057,286	58,000
Florida,.....	78,680	61,745	140,425	59,268
Alabama,.....	529,121	435,080	964,201	50,722
Mississippi,.....	354,674	436,631	791,305	47,156
Louisiana,.....	376,276	331,726	708,002	46,431
Tennessee,.....	834,082	275,719	1,109,801	45,600
Arkansas,.....	324,335	111,115	435,450	52,198
Texas,.....	421,649	182,566	604,215	237,321
	6,182,083	3,608,299	9,790,382	736,904

By this table the area of these twelve Southern States is seen to be 736,904 square miles. A table prepared from Lippincott's Gazetteer gives the area of the same States as 742,470 square miles. Taking the estimate of the Census Bureau and dividing it into the aggregate population, 9,790,382, the quotient is about 13¼. So that there are only 13¼ inhabitants, including aged, helpless, women and children, for every square mile of surface. Texas, in fact, has but 2½ to the square mile, and Florida still less. Now the British census for 1861 gave the population of England and Wales, including the smaller British isles, at 20,205,504; the population of Scotland 3,061,251; and that of Ireland at 5,764,543; total, 29,031,298. The entire area of Great Britain and Ireland is estimated by a

* Continued from last number.

writer in Lippincott's Gazetteer at 120,416 square miles.* A simple division gives, therefore, 241 1/19 inhabitants to the square mile.

England and Wales, according to the same authority, have together 57,812 square miles, and by a like division we get 349⅓ inhabitants to the square mile. We can form but little idea of such dense packing in this country. Even Massachusetts, the most densely populated State, has but 157.83 to the square mile, or less than half the number in England and Wales. Rhode Island, the second most populous State, has only 137.70 inhabitants to the square mile. But to form a correct idea of the populousness of the British isles we must deduct the immense tracts of land covered by mountains, watercourses, bogs, fens, royal parks, hunting and pleasure-grounds of the wealthy, etc. How small a proportion of arable land will be left to each inhabitant! If we make even an approximate deduction for this vast loss, it would seem to be less than two acres of cultivatable soil to each inhabitant of England and Wales.

Labor is then greatly in excess in the British Isles compared with our Southern States.

They, therefore, need fewer labor-saving and labor-performing machines than we do. Our population, in proportion to the area, is relatively eighteen times smaller than that of the whole British Isles, and about twenty-six times relatively smaller than that of England and Wales. In order, then, that the development of our resources should be equal to that of theirs, we must excel them eighteen or twenty-six times in that mechanical power which supplies the place of human labor.

In this estimate we have included the negro population, which can no longer be classed as a laboring element. Our calculations must be based upon the white inhabitants, as the only reliable source of future strength. These, as we have seen, amount to 6,182,083, or a little more than 8¼ to the square mile. Upon this basis we need, in order to have an equal development of material resources, 29 times a greater amount of machinery than the British Isles, or 42 times the amount of England and Wales. Let us see how this matter stands. We have a statement from Hon. and Rev. James Hamilton, now Lord Brougham, that the machinery of the British Isles performs the labor of 500 millions of able-bodied hands, and does it cheaper and better. If this were equally distributed among the people, what a vast amount of prosperity there would be! Each inhabitant would have 20 efficient laborers working for him.

But as it is unequally apportioned, we are at no loss to understand the astonishing luxury and magnificence of the favored classes, as well as the greatness and power of the whole nation. It is not wonderful that, with such a command of labor, they can clothe the world with their manufactures, supply it with their mineral riches, dot its surface everywhere with their colonies, and whiten its seas with their sails. It is not wonderful that, with the wealth procured by their labor, they should control to such an extent the destinies of millions of mankind.

How large a proportion of their population are thus relieved, too, from the mere drudgery of work, and are enabled to turn their attention to scientific pursuits and new discoveries in the mechanic arts, and thereby add, in their turn, to the riches and prosperity of the empire.

We have no statistical information by which we can compare our own deficiencies with their advantages. Every schoolboy knows our immeasurable inferiority. 'Tis sufficient to awaken an interest on the subject to state what mechanical power they have, and how much more we want to develop with our smaller population our vaster resources. The exact measure of our shortcomings is an

* The usual geographical estimate, 120,900 square miles.

useless humiliation. Nor would the knowledge of our inferiority be of any profit at all, did we not investigate the cause of it and seek the right remedy. The British schools of learning turn the thoughts of the people to scientific studies, and the British policy rewards with riches and honor successful inventors, discoverers, and laborers in every department of human effort. Our schools of learning turn men's minds away from science, and our policy rewards the politician and soldier alone with the highest distinctions.

In a country where an aristocracy is recognized as one of the estates of the realm, men of rank are of course looked up to, and titles are the great objects of ambition.

Now, Great Britain has for generations not only conferred pensions upon her sons eminent in letters and science; but she has held out to all who might distinguish themselves, the additional and more powerful incentive of rank, orders, stars and garters.

Hence the lowly-born peasant of genius, probity, and industry may always hope to see the day when, like the Lord Thurlow, of humble birth, he might feel that he "was" as much respected and as respectable as any lord he looked down upon. Still another influence is brought to bear in stimulating mental activity and evoking talent from all classes of society—namely, the hope of a burial-place or a monument within the sacred precincts of Westminster Abbey, where rest the ashes of kings and queens, and where are sculptured the deeds of nobles, statesmen, orators, wariors, navigators, poets, painters, etc. The combined effect of all these agencies has been to make Great Britain the first of nations in wealth, in power, and in intellectual greatness. Take away her discoveries, her inventions, her works of genius and learning during the last four hundred years, and mankind would almost be in a state of barbarism.

As the whole civilized world has felt the beneficial effects of her wise and judicious policy, it may be well to glance at it briefly, as our own model and exemplar.

In order to show how this policy stimulates to exertion and rewards merit in every walk of life, we will give a few examples from her history. Pages might be written on this subject, but the few examples given will be sufficient to explain the general system. Law and politics have been stepping-stones by which the men of the people have attained to the highest positions of power, have entered the sacred circle of the aristocracy, and have founded the noblest families of the realm.

Thus William Cecil rose to be Lord Burleigh, and for forty years the confidential minister of Queen Elizabeth. "For Burleigh she relaxed that severe etiquette to which she was unreasonably attached. Every other person to whom she addressed her speech, or on whom the glance of her eagle eye fell, instantly sank on his knee. For Burleigh alone a chair was set in her presence; and there the old minister, by birth only a plain Lincolnshire esquire, took his ease, while the haughty heirs of the Fitz Alans and the De Veres humbled themselves in the dust before him." Thus Edmund Hyde became the Earl of Clarendon and the grandfather of two English queens. Thus Pitt, "the great Commoner," rose to be Earl Chatham, prime minister of the kingdom, "the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself;" the hostile monarch became a suppliant to his subject, who could proudly say to the Duke of Devonshire, "I know that I can save the nation, and I believe that no other man can."

Henry Addington, the son of a physician, became Lord Sidmouth and prime minister. Wolsey, the son of a butcher, by the force of talents became the second man in the kingdom. Francis Bacon became Lord Verulam and lord chancellor of England. Thurlow, the son of a rector, rose also to the woolsack and a peerage. Alexander Wedderburne, of respectable but untitled parents, suc-

ceeded Lord Thurlow as chancellor, and received on retirement the title of Earl of Rosslyn.

William Scott, the son of a coal factor, was raised to the peerage as Lord Stowell. His more celebrated brother John rose to the peerage as Lord Eldon and to be chancellor of England. James Scarlett, the eminent lawyer, became Baron of the Exchequer and Lord Abinger. Charles Abbot, the son of a hair-dresser, became Lord Tenterden. Thomas Denman, the son of a physician, was raised to be attorney-general and a peer of the realm. Samuel Romilly, the son of a jeweler, rose to knighthood and the office of solicitor-general. James Mackintosh rose also to the rank of knighthood and to a seat in Parliament. William Plunkett, the son of a clergyman, rose to the peerage. William Blackstone, the orphan boy, became a knight, a judge, and the great expounder of English law. Thomas Littleton became a judge and the ancestor of the Lords Littleton of Worcestershire. Edmund Coke became a knight and chief justice of the king's bench. Matthew Hale, "the incorruptible judge," rose to the same dignities. Edmund Burke, the Irish boy, without influence or patronage, became the leader of the British Parliament. In our own day, George Canning, the son of a strolling actress, rose to be prime minister; and Robert Peel, the son of a successful manufacturer, attained to the same dignity. Henry Brougham, without hereditary rank, won for himself the post of lord chancellor of the realm.

In the same connection it may be mentioned that John Shore, the son of a supercargo in the East-India service, became the celebrated Lord Teignmouth. Robert Clive, a poor clerk in the same service, became Lord Clive Baron of Plassey. William Petty, the son of a clothier, rose to wealth, to knighthood, and to be the ancestor of the lords of Lansdown. The army has opened a wide door of entrance for the common people into the privileged classes, and has brought wealth and additional rank to those who belonged to the aristocracy. Thus Marlborough and Wellington, both of the upper class, rose to dukedoms, and had untold riches showered upon them. Time would fail to speak of Amherst, Napier, Picton, Ponsonby, Hill, and thousands of others, who have won rank and fame by military service. The navy, the nation's favorite, has specially developed the latent courage and enterprise of the people. Francis Drake worked for years before the mast. His father, a poor clergyman, with twelve children, could make no provision for him. But he became the most renowned navigator of his age—was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, who, as a mark of regard for him, dined with him on his own ship, the Royal Hind.

Blake, the greatest of all the naval heroes of Britain, was born to poverty. His glorious achievements won for him a burial-place in Westminster Abbey, and the order for burial came from Cromwell himself. Lords Anson, Nelson, Exmouth, Rodney, St. Vincent, Collingwood, all rose to the peerage by their own merit. Frobisher, Raleigh, Lancaster, Shovel, Parry, Franklin, rose to knighthood. But this honor has been conferred with lavish hand upon merit in all professions. Among painters, who have been knighted may be mentioned Lely, Thornhill, Reynolds, Wilkie, Lawrence, Raeburn, Shee, Robert Kerr Porter, the brother of the female novelists.

Among literary men, Steele, William Jones, Scott, Alison, Bulwer, Macaulay rose to a peerage, and Thackeray was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Among men of science, Newton, Leslie, Bell, Banks, Davy, Brewster, Sloan, the Herschels, father and son.

Among physicians and surgeons, Astley Cooper, Pringle, Rawson, James Edward Smith, the queen's physician.

Among architects and engineers, we may name Vanbrugh, Wren, Brunel, Middleton, Soane, Arkwright, Rennie the younger. Telford, the in-

ventor of the tubular bridge, the son of a Scotch shepherd, had his last resting place in Westminster Abbey, among the illustrious dead of a mighty nation. Practical business talent is more admired with the British people than with any other on earth. Brindley was a celebrated man before he could read or write. How much honored have been the Stevensons, engineers, George Stephenson, the railway king, the Rennies, Smeatons, etc. A friend told the writer, that on his visit to England at the opening of the Crystal Palace, its inventor was the man most talked of in the kingdom, though he was at that time gardener to the Duke of Devonshire.

But Watt has been the most honored of all the self-made men of Great Britain. Universities and colleges conferred degrees upon him. Scientific societies enrolled his name among their members. The profoundest respect was shown him by all classes during his life, and after his death a meeting, composed of the most eminent men in the kingdom, and presided over by the prime minister, was held to do honor to his memory. A monument was ordered to be erected by Chantrey in Westminster Abbey, to perpetuate the fame of his great deeds.

We, irreverent republicans, can hardly understand how highly this last distinction is regarded by the Englishman, with his large organ of veneration. But we can see the effect of it, when such a man as Nelson could use as his battle-cry, "Westminster Abbey or victory!"

A special spot, called the Poet's Corner, is allotted within the hallowed precincts of the Abbey to the great poets of the kingdom. Here lie Chaucer, Cowley, Spenser, Dryden, etc.

But the wise policy of this truly great nation stimulates to mental activity by substantial aid as well as by rank and honors. Pensions are freely conferred upon men eminent for their talents, and upon their families. Inventions and discoveries are handsomely rewarded in pounds, shillings, and pence. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccine matter, was paid £10,000 by act of Parliament in the current coin of the kingdom. General Shrapnel, the inventor of the shell which bears his name, was granted £1200 annually for life. Is it wonderful that these multiplied incentives should develop such a prodigious amount of intellectual effort, in every walk of life, in every pursuit, in every trade, calling, and profession? Is it wonderful that this system has produced prodigies of valor, wisdom, learning, and ingenuity in all classes of society?

Is it wonderful that we of the South have achieved greatness in one department only of human effort, since our educational system and our policy did not arouse all our faculties throughout our entire population? The sailor and the blacksmith may have great strength, but this lies in the arm. It is not the healthful development of the perfect man. And so with us. One class only has been developed to the highest point, and that development has been in but a single direction — toward political life. Our mighty men have been strong like the sailor and the blacksmith, for one species of effort, and for one only. The educated man of the South was like the hero of the fairy tale; in the legislative chamber he was a mail-clad warrior, armed at all points, ready to assail and invulnerable to attack; but as soon as he recrossed the portal of the enchanted hall, his armor fell off, his sword crumbled to dust, his tough and cord-like sinews became soft and flexible as those of a delicate woman. The invincible champion was changed into the feeble imbecile.

It was unfortunate even in our halcyon days of ease and prosperity, to have had a system of instruction adapted specially to one class of society. It was doubly unfortunate that this training qualified that class for preëminence in but a single vocation. Nature delights in variety. If we look above at those bright orbs

which make the heavens resplendent, we see one star differing from another star in glory. Each of the countless myriads of luminaries differs from its fellows in form, color, specific gravity, and period of revolution. If we look down, the very atoms beneath our feet are all unlike in shape, size, and weight. If we look abroad on some boundless forest, we find each tree, each twig and shrub without a counterpart; yea, of the millions of millions of leaves that are dancing greenly in the breeze or lying withered upon the ground, there are no two exactly alike in texture and configuration. Exclusiveness in education, giving a single aim and tendency, is contrary then to the whole economy of nature. It does violence to our mental organization. It is a wrong to the individual, as it denies him that simultaneous development of the faculties which is essential to true greatness. It is a wrong to society, as it fails to arouse and stimulate those mental activities which might benefit and enrich mankind. This twofold wrong was involved in the plan of instruction when we were free and wealthy.

To characterize it aright now, we need only say that it teaches those things we can not use, and leaves those untaught which are of inestimable value. We believe that under our old social system, the South came next to Great Britain in producing a noble specimen of the high-toned gentleman The educated Irishman, the stately Scot, the polished Englishman, what fine models of manhood do all three present! The quiet dignity of manner, the easy, unassuming self-possession, the calm consciousness of power resulting from being looked up to habitually—these characteristics of the gentleman are products of a soil upon which there exists a privileged class. Great Britain has them because Great Britain has an hereditary aristocracy. The South had them in a more extended if not more prominent degree, because the most humble white man had a class below him. We are far from asserting that all the hereditary aristocracy have the address, the bearing, the breeding, and the education of gentlemen. Tares will grow with the wheat. But we judge of the field by its general yield, and not by its accidental and unnatural varieties. Thus in Great Britain, the prevalence of courtesy and refinement are so general in the upper circles that "high-born" and "gentlemanly" are interchangeable adjectives.

Nor do we mean that those of humble origin can not be gentlemen. The talents which win for them rank and position will enable them to acquire the grace and urbanity becoming their exalted stations. But in acquiring this polish the self-made man will inevitably take as his model those who have greatness as their birthright, and he is thought to have received the highest compliment when he is said to fill his station as naturally and as gracefully as though born in it. There are nature's noblemen in all walks of life, and they, whenever found, will be recognized by all of kindred minds and hearts. The aristocracy, however, give the general tone to society in the British Isles, and there is none on earth more pure and elevated. The South, with a similar social organization to that of Great Britain at the present day, and to France in the time of the old *noblesse*, had likewise a distinct, well-defined class of gentlemen. We do not pretend to decide whether this social system was the best form of society. The people of this generation are neither responsible for its existence nor its abrogation. Boston cruisers introduced it. (See Preliminary Report of Eighth Census, page 9.) The dominant party of the North abolished it. (See Acts of Congress.) We are not dealing with questions of morals or of political economy. We are simply dealing with the facts of the past. On the great plantations of the old slave States, the social life made the nearest approximation to that of the English aristocracy. And under the in-

fluence of this system were born and reared men of the noble British type. Washington, Madison, Andrew Jackson, Calhoun, Pinckney, Carroll, the Calverts, the Lees and Carters of Virginia, the Rutledges, Pinckneys, and Lowndes of South-Carolina, the Waltons and Jacksons of Georgia, Macon and Davie of North-Carolina, and hundreds of others. N. P. Willis, himself a Northern man, a student of books and of men, who has seen and mingled with the best classes of the new and old world, has paid the most graceful tribute to the polish of Southern bearing and manners. The Countess of Westmoreland said to Mr. Buchanan that she had seen most of the crowned heads of Europe, and that not one of them would compare with President Jackson for ease and dignity of manners. Our Southern statesmen, too, would compare favorably with those of Great Britain. Madison, Calhoun, Clay, McDuffie, Macon were as thorough masters of the science of government as the Pitts, the Cannings, and the Broughams of Great Britain. Marshall, Taney, Gaston, etc., were as conversant with the great principles of law as the Eldons, the Stowells, and the Loughboroughs of the British isles. The combined influence of the Southern social system and of Southern ideas in imparting lofty notions of personal dignity, and of Southern educational training in the science of government with regard to the checks and balances of the Constitution, has been manifested in the exercise of the veto power. It is a curious fact that, with one solitary exception, all the vetoes have come from Southern Presidents. Washington used this prerogative of the Executive twice, Madison six times, Monroe once, Jackson nine times, Tyler four times, Polk three times, and Mr. Johnson already twice. ~~Mr. Buchanan is the only Northern President who exercised this right, and he~~ did it on a question involving Southern rights (and it was alleged by his enemies) under Southern influence. He and Mr. Pierce were trained in the school of Calhoun, and had the same views with reference to the independence of the great coördinate departments of the government. But while we claim that Southern statesmen, jurists, orators, and gentlemen bear no unfavorable comparison with those of Great Britain, here the parallel ceases. Great Britain developed every variety of talent. We have cultivated but a single species. Our authors have had to take their manuscripts North, or leave their books unpublished. Hence, literature has dwindled down from folios and quartos to political pamphlets or ephemeral newspapers. Our Washington Allston had to go to New-England with his pictures, and painting ceased to be cultivated at the South. Our Audubon had to take his drawings to Europe, and no such student of nature has arisen since. Our Holmes and Bachman have more reputation abroad than at home, and natural science has languished for want of sympathy and encouragement.

Our McCormick had to go North with his reaper, which now cuts the harvests of the world. Our John Gill, of New-Berne, N. C., had to turn over his great invention to Colt, which, under better management, has revolutionized the whole system of warfare. Gill died in poverty, while Colt made his millions. He died unhonored; but the wise British policy rewarded Armstrong for a less invention with knighthood and bounties. Our Brooke solved the problem of the deep-sea sounding apparatus upon which the scientific men of Europe had labored; but Brooke would have starved to death at the South in a purely scientific calling.

Our Wells explained the theory of dew, of which the world had been ignorant for nearly six thousand years; but he had to go across the ocean to make his discoveries known. Can language be found strong enough to condemn our criminal neglect of talent? It has not been an error merely; it has been a great and grievous sin.

It is a remarkable fact that the parables of our Lord are chiefly aimed at sins of neglect, and not at sins of positive transgression. In the parable of the talents, of the pounds, of the wise and foolish virgins, of the rich man and Lazarus, of the barren fig-tree, neglect of duty is the sin rebuked and punished. Surely we have been guilty before heaven in this respect. The wit of man could not have devised a more efficient plan for smothering up talent and for withering and blighting that which had escaped burial.

And yet the war demonstrated that there was no lack of ingenuity and skill at the South. What triumphs of engineering did Beauregard, Gilmer, Harris, Elliott, and Johnson achieve around Charleston? What mighty ramparts arose amidst the ruins of the pasteboard walls of Sumter, upon which the most powerful ordnance of the world could make no impression! How soon did the science of Brooke change an old hulk into a mighty sea-monster—the terror of all the fleets of the second maritime nation of the globe?

"Your Merrimac has demonstrated," said General Dix to the writer, "that England has no navy." When the troops first began to pour into Richmond from the South, the great anxiety of General Lee was in regard to percussion-caps. There was not a single factory in all the seceded States. But the ingenuity of the younger Rains at Nashville, and of a gentleman of Lynchburgh, William H. Wash, soon supplied the army with a better article than any before used. The torpedo had been regarded as an useless and impracticable thing; but in the hands of the elder Rains it became a most formidable weapon of defense. Vessels of war dare not venture into rivers and harbors until these hidden terrors had been removed. The mightiest iron-clad ship shrank back in alarm from the little torpedo-boat, not larger than a fisherman's canoe. Thousands of experiments had been tried with submarine-boats, and all had failed. It was reserved for rebel ingenuity to demonstrate their practicability. In Charleston harbor, the Ironsides, the pride of the United States navy, was seriously damaged, and a sloop of war was sunk by one of these tiny antagonists. A fear and dread of them fell upon the whole blockading squadron. Many an anxious, sleepless night did they cause. Many a broadside was fired at a floating log or plank in the apprehension of a blow-up from the "little Davids," as these miniature warriors were called. The first rifled cannon of large calibre was the invention of the South. Captain Fairfax, with a single rifled thirty-two pounder in a little river steamer, boldly attacked an United States frigate and literally riddled her. In fact, the Southern mind is eminently ingenious and suggestive, while the Northern mind takes up the hints thrown out, appropriates and improves them.

Colonel Halpine, in the Federal army, has judiciously observed: "The fervid imagination of the Southern people delighted in feats of romance like Stuart's, and it made them, during the war, the great suggestive captains. They built the first iron-clads, made the first great raids, and under Stonewall Jackson executed the earliest of the great infantry-marches. But the colder adaptability of the North developed every hint from the South into a perfect system. The experiment of the Merrimac has grown to the Dictator, the Dunderberg, and the Ironsides. The engineering assiduity of Beauregard, imitated by the North, has marked the camps of our armies, as if the protecting mountains had followed our columns. But it may be doubted if any division commander has yet arisen to rival the splendid infantry genius of Jackson."

The views here presented are not new with the writer. At the time of the great fight in Hampton Roads, he expressed to many friends his regret that the Merrimac had come out before a fleet of iron-clads had been formed, and added his belief that the

North would soon surpass us with our own inventions. But superior industry and not superior adaptability is the right word.

We are far behind the North in industry, energy, and perseverance. But for our indolence and procrastination, the Louisiana would have walked the waters as a queen. The whole United States navy could not have resisted her. With proper enterprise she could have been completed in time to have saved New-Orleans, and thereby perhaps the Southern Confederacy.

D. H. H.

(*To be continued.*)

GOVERNOR PICKENS OF ALABAMA.

On the highway leading from Concord to Beattiesford in the western border of Cabarrus county, North-Carolina, may be seen an old dilapitated building—a locality rife with those reminiscences that make in part that history which is philosophy teaching by example. On the farm now owned and occupied by Mr. E. R. Harris, Israel Pickens, the first Governor of Alabama, was born. It was originally the homestead of the Pickens family. Israel Pickens was brought up and educated in this neighborhood under the tutelage of Dr. Robinson, then the accomplished preceptor of an Academy at Poplar Tent Church. How faithfully and how well the distinguished pupil proved worthy of the instructions of his gifted and illustrious teacher, let his short but brilliant career as a statesman suffice to answer. Governor Pickens was twice elected to Congress from the Mountain district of his native State; but was appointed by President Monroe in 1817 Territorial Governor of Alabama, ere his second term in Congress expired. In 1819, after the admission of that State into the Union, he was elected by the people Governor of the State.

When his term of office as Chief Magistrate expired, he was elected, by her Legislature, a Senator of the United States, which distinguished position he held consecutively till his untimely death in 1826 at Matanzas in the Island of Cuba, whither he had gone in the vain hope of arresting the ravages of pulmonary consumption.

His genius as a statesman is enstamped upon the early history of Alabama; and her Legislature well attested the gratitude of the people for his distinguished services, by ordering his remains to be removed from the island, and buried in the bosom of the land of his adoption. Alabama contains his ashes, but North-Carolina must share his fame.

Having illustrated a brief but useful and distinguished career, he passed away in the meridian of life, and preceded his illustrious teacher nearly twenty years, to accountabilites where faith can only follow them.

How truly is realized in the end of teacher and pupil—"the old man eloquent" and the young statesman, the poetic line

"The path of glory leads but to the grave."

W. S. H.

WASHINGTON.

SEVEN cities claimed to be the birthplace of Homer. But there is no doubt about that of the man whom the world delights to honor. George Washington, so equable and self-poised amidst all the mutations of fortune, could only have derived his being from "the mother of States and statesmen;" so serene, unelated, and magnanimous in prosperity, so unmoved, unshaken and undismayed in her hour of trial; her sons numbering among them the foremost in the council, the forum, and the field, constituting a long line of Presidents, statesmen, orators, warriors, scholars and gentlemen. Her daughters the first at every festival of national rejoicing, the last at every scene of suffering. Each lovely being as

"She walks a goddess and looks a queen,"

fitted to adorn the halls of a court or the saloons of the great and noble, yet alive to every kind and gentle emotion, ready to encourage the despondent, to stimulate the faint-hearted, to admire the heroic, and to nurse the wounded, the sick, and the dying. We love no land as well as our own Carolinas; but we scorn that narrow sectionalism, which will not admit that Virginia has displayed a grand heroism and fortitude under misfortune, which have not been manifested in the same degree by any of her suffering sisters. What people ever bore so patiently and resolutely as did the Virginians the burning of their cities, towns, villages, hamlets and private residences; the destruction of their fences, crops, and farming utensils; the robbing of their horses, mules, and cattle; the plunder of their household goods, the desecration of their churches, and the slaughter of the noblest and best of their sons? The world never before exhibited such a spectacle of manly endurance of multiplied evils, and it will never exhibit it again unless the same people are thrown once more into the furnace of affliction. Virginia hospitality! celebrated throughout the world, but never so generously, and so munificently displayed as during the four years of the suffering and desolation of war. What soldier was ever turned away hungry from the rifled mansion of the once wealthy, or the lowly hut of the always poor but now half-starved inmate?

Even the shameless straggler, with the old graceless, stereotyped story of "nothing to eat in three days," ever met the cordial welcome and the outstretched hand. General Jackson was wont to complain that the generosity of the people to stragglers ruined the discipline of the army. Just in proportion as their lands were laid waste and their houses plundered, did their goodness and their liberality increase.

The fount of Jupiter Ammon sent forth cooler, more delicious and more refreshing waters as the tropical sun waxed fiercer and hotter. So when war most withered and blighted, then did kindness and sympathy gush forth from Virginia hearts most sweetly and most copiously. A mother of great and glorious men, of fair and noble women, we who were not of thy favored offspring may have thought thee too partial to thy deserving sons, too prone to cast a mantle over thy erring ones; but we can never forget thy generosity to our living, thy tears over our dead.

George Washington was a Virginian. The distinctive features of his character are the distinctive features of his people to this day.

No one can understand him who does not know them. No one can venerate his memory who does not admire them, living, breathing, acting. No one can appreciate his illustrious qualities, who has not a clear perception of the lofty traits of his countrymen. The elaborate history of Marshall, the memoirs and letters preserved by Sparks, the graphic sketches of Irving, the swelling periods of Ev-

erett, give no such vivid impression of the man as may be gained by a single month's residence in Virginia. Take away from Washington his distinguishing characteristics as a Virginian and he becomes like Samson shorn of his locks, or the Grand Monarch divested of his royal trappings—a very ordinary mortal indeed. The world venerates him for the three great qualities of magnanimity, unshaken constancy under reverses, and self-abnegation. Each of these his people exhibit at this hour in as remarkable a degree as did he himself. Let us examine them separately.

When a young man, he in a moment of passion, insulted a gentleman, who, prompt to resent a wrong, knocked him down on the spot.

Dueling was the established order of things in those days, and a blow was considered a disgrace only to be wiped out in blood. But Washington felt that he was the sinning party, and he had the rare courage and greatness of soul to confess his fault and to beg pardon of the man who had struck him to the earth. That was sublime; but how infinitely short does it fall of Lee at Gettysburgh! When the question arose as to who was responsible for the misguided attack and dreadful repulse—"I ordered it, blame no one but me," said the grand old hero. And a magnanimous country was fain to forget the error in the magnificent atonement.

Who will compare the greatness of forgiving a blow with that of assuming the most momentous responsibility ever devolved upon mortal man—the responsibility of a lost battle? When President Jackson was asked whether he forgave his enemies, he replied, "That is a hard question, let me have a day to reflect upon it." When the same question was repeated the next day, he replied, "I can forgive all my enemies except those who have reflected upon my military character." The sensitiveness of the soldier in regard to his reputation has passed into a proverb throughout the world; but yet the sense of justice of the Virginia soldier was higher than his sensitiveness. If the lesser magnanimity of the first President be extolled, let not the greater act of the rebel Virginian be forgot.

We admire the greatness of soul which prompted Washington to say, "I care not who saves the country, I care only that the country be saved." A cabal was then forming for his removal from office; and his friends, including Patrick Henry, were indignant at the base attempt; but he, forgetful of self, was thinking only about the salvation of his country.

In a like spirit, the great soldier above named replied, when told that an officer whom he had recommended for promotion thought unkindly of him, "Sir, the question is not what General W—— thinks of me, but what I think of him."

And how sublime, too, was the conduct of that other Virginian, J. E. Johnston, when superseded at Alanta after what the country now recognizes as a successful campaign. Not a word of complaint did the noble hero utter against the cruel blunder. He made no unmanly appeals for sympathy to the soldiers who idolized him, nor to the country which reposed the most implicit confidence in him. Thinking not of self, but of the salvation of his country, he called for his successor, who had been his own subordinate, explained fully to him the condition of things, the relative position of the two armies, their strength, etc., and then unfolded to him what had been his own plans and intentions. Every effort was made to enable his successor to win those laurels which had been denied to him.

History has but few instances of as great magnanimity as this. There was nothing more sublime in the life of that Virginian whom the world reveres.

Loftiness of mind is just as common now among the countrymen of Washington, as it was in the time of the first great rebellion.

"A good man in adversity is a spectacle for the gods," was a maxim with that people who had the justest

appreciation of true greatness of soul. The Son of God manifest in the flesh was such a spectacle. But the tabernacle of clay could not conceal the rays of his divinity. Spite of his lowliness of birth and his poverty, the common people heard him gladly, and the rulers feared him, because "the whole world went after him." Thus, nor want, nor rags, nor scorn, nor contempt, nor malice, nor rage of enemies, nor slander can conceal the true nobility of a really great and good man.

On the contrary, the candle shines all the brighter for the surrounding gloom. In the darkest hours of our country's struggle, the lustre of Washington's character was the most resplendent. We love to think of him, not as the successful warrior at Yorktown, receiving the surrender of the hitherto invincible Cornwallis; not as the President of a new-born Republic of which he was the father; not as the nation's idol, and the admired of all mankind; but with loving tenderness we remember his retreat across the Jerseys with three thousand ragged, shoeless followers, and pressed by the vast legions of the enemy. We love to think of him with unshaken courage leading a handful of men across the freezing turbulent waters of the Delaware, that he might strike one blow for his country. We love to think of him cheering his suffering and disheartened little band at Valley Forge. Washington on his knees in the thick forests around his encampment there, was a sublimer spectacle than Washington in the Presidental chair.

Now this unmoved and immovable constancy under misfortunes which so remarkably distinguished the great Virginian, was exhibited everywhere during the late contest in the State where he was born, where he died, and where he was buried. There was not a city, town, village, hamlet or country residence that did not manifest it. We need not go, to find it, to Johnston, contending against double or thrice his numbers, or to Lee contesting inch by inch with still more formidable odds; we need only seek a Virginia dwelling anywhere, whether mansion or hut, and there you would see that the mantle of Washington had dropped from his chariot of fire without receiving any stain of earth by the fall. Talk to the aged father, whose only son fills a bloody grave, or with the venerable mother or the sister of the lost one, and you will perceive that the unyielding firmness of Washington dwells with his people to this hour. The philosopher has said, "When you find a true man, grapple him to your heart with hooks of steel." The Virginians deserve to be grappled to the heart of the Union and held when there by cords of love. No other cords can bind them.

Let us next look at the self-denying character of Washington. He was ever ready to forget himself for his country. He was willing to hold office if the public welfare would be thereby promoted. He was willing to retire if the national interest would thus be secured. At the time of the Gates-Conway conspiracy to remove him from the command of the army, he wrote to a gentleman in New-England, who had expressed some anxiety lest he should resign, "The *same principles that led me to embark in the opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain, operate with additional force at this day;* nor is it my desire to withdraw my services while they are considered of importance in the present contest. . . . I have said, and I still do say, that there is *not an officer in the services of the United States that would return to the sweets of domestic life with more heartful joy than I would.* But I would have this declaration accompanied by these sentiments, that while the public is satisfied with my endeavors, I mean not to shrink from the cause; but the moment that her voice, not that of faction, calls upon me to resign, I shall do it with as much pleasure as ever the wearied traveller returned to rest." When Stonewall Jackson, of Virginia, was written to by the Board of Visitors of the Military Institute, with refer-

ence to resuming the duties of his professorship, he replied in a letter, breathing the spirit and almost repeating the words of his great countryman.

HDQRS. FIRST BRIGADE, 2DCORPS,
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CENTREVILLE, October 22, 1861.

GENTLEMEN: Your circular of the 19th instant has been received, and *I beg leave to say in reply that I only took the field from a sense of duty, and that the obligations that brought me into service still retain me in it, and will probably continue to do so as long as the war shall last.* At the close of hostilities I desire to resume the duties of my chair, and accordingly respectfully request that, if consistent with the interests of the Institute, the action of the Board of Visitors may be such as to admit of my return upon the restoration of peace.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
T. J. JACKSON,
Prof of Nat. and Exp. Philosophy, etc., V. M. I.

To General WM. H. RICHARDSON and General T. HAYMOND, Committee.

The admirable temper of Washington in this time of severe trial, when his country's cause seemed desperate and his own reputation blasted, may be best judged by an extract from a letter of his to Patrick Henry: "That I may have erred in using the means in my power for accomplishing the objects of the arduous, exalted station with which I am honored, I can not doubt; *nor do I wish my conduct to be exempt from the reprehension it may deserve. Error is the portion of humanity, and to censure it, whether committed by this or that public character, is the prerogative of freedmen.*"

The italics are our own. The language rises into the sublime. The self-forgetting Washington, at the bar of envy and malice, is echoing back, after eighteen hundred years, the sentiments of the unselfish man of Nazareth before a still more cruel and malignant tribunal, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?" History continually repeats itself. The true patriot, the real statesman, the undoubtedly brave warrior, is never afraid of a full investigation of his conduct, whether by a free press or a free people. At this period in the history of the father of his country, forged letters were written and published in London, purporting to come from him, and manifesting disloyalty to the American cause. For twenty years he treated the vile fabrication with the most contemptuous silence, and it was not until his final retirement from office that he filed away in the Department of State a solemn denial of the authenticity of these documents. (See Everett's Life of Washington.) It was the reticence of a great soul, conscious of its own purity of motives. But when we admire the dignified silence of the noble Virginian, who was oblivious of self and regardless of personal popularity, while his mind was ever keenly and sensitively alive to the slightest interests of his fellow-citizens, let us not forget that three at least of his countrymen have exhibited the same self-abnegation. When attempts were made in the winter of 1861-'62, after Jackson's expedition to Hancock, to alienate the affections of his own troops from him and to poison the mind of the Executive, his silence was as profound and as contemptuous as that of Washington himself. After Lee's campaign in Western Virginia, hard and bitter things were said of him by some of the newspapers of that day, led off by a portion of the Richmond press; bnt he opened not his lips.

When Johnston fell under the executive ban, and a howl was raised against him by a partisan press, how sublimely great was the silence of the man! It was necessary for the good of our cause that the administration should be supported to the last, and his defense might weaken that support. It required no common exercise of self-denial to bear a *positive* wrong rather than inflict a *possible* harm upon the country;

but the patriotism of the great soldier was equal to the effort.

Another act of self-abnegation on the part of General Johnston has now the admiration of the British people. When sent out, after the battle of Murfreesboro, to investigate the cause of the alleged dissatisfaction with the Southern commander, and to take command himself if he found the grounds of complaint were real, he had the magnanimity as well as delicacy to decline his own advancement under these extraordinary conditions, and he did what he could to strengthen the hands of General Bragg. (History will gratefully record how the latter clung to his generous friend, when executive favor had been withdrawn from him.)

Let the world sing its peans in praise of the unselfishness of Washington; but let it not overlook the equal self-denial of the three illustrious countrymen of Washington.

Now, here, we would notice a remarkable correspondence between the military views of the Father of his country and the last of the three great Virginians named above. It has been quite common of late years to deny to Washington the credit of being a great captain. It has been often said that he was no military genius—that his campaigns were failures and his battles defeats. His biographers, with all their zeal in his behalf and enthusiastic admiration of his character, have not removed this unfavorable impression from the minds of some.

Now military genius is not exhibited merely in splendid achievements and wonderful victories. The genius of Napoleon never shone so brightly as on his last disastrous campaign.

But the great captain is the man who thoroughly understands his position, who thoroughly knows the temper and character of his own troops, the qualities of the troops opposed to him, and the capacity of their leader; who knows how to husband his own resources and to destroy those of his enemy; who knows when to fight and when to retreat; who knows how to discriminate between what is essential to insure eventual success and what is only of transient and factitious importance.

Now, Washington understood all this. He knew the military situation, the qualities of his own troops, and those of the British. He was never misled by any will-o-wisps to attempt brilliant strokes that would end in no permanent good. (How the soul sickened in June, 1863, at the brilliant shouts over some petty successes at Winchester, while the great heart of the Confederacy at Vicksburgh was in its last throb of agony! That strength was idly spent in beating the air, which if concentrated in one vigorous blow would have insured success.) Washington understood what our Confederate President and most of our generals did not—the absolute nothingness of losing a position in comparison with losing an army. We had vast territory and but few men. The loss of a portion of the soil might entail suffering, but the loss of soldiers brought necessarily irretrievable ruin.

Washington under similar conditions, fully appreciated his position. He fought the battle of Long Island, to save New-York, but he did not allow himself to be shut up in that city. He fought at Brandywine to save Philadelphia; but losing the battle, he saved his army. He was entirely opposed to the policy, so fatal to the Confederate cause, of allowing troops to be shut up and besieged for the sake of holding any position, however important.

Charleston would have been captured, but not the army of Lincoln, had his wise policy been acted upon. He wrote after hearing that Charleston bar could not be defended: "The impracticability of defending the bar, I fear, amounts to the loss of the town and garrison. At this distance, it is impossible to judge for you. I have the greatest confidence in General Lincoln's prudence, but it really appears to me that the propriety of

defending the town depended upon the probability of defending the bar; and *that when this ceased, the attempt ought to have been relinquished.* In this, however, I suspend a definitive judgment, and wish you to consider what I say as confidential."

Marshall adds that this letter did not arrive in time to influence the conduct of the besieged. This letter was written, it is supposed, to the Governor of South-Carolina.

Had Washington been the defender of Richmond, he would have abandoned it a year before its capture, and the Confederate flag might still be floating all over the South. God has willed it otherwise, and we submit to his will, believing him best able to govern the affairs of his own creatures.

Whatever opinion the world may have of Washington, as a military leader, it is sufficient in our mind to mark him as one of the great generals of history, that he made no such dreadful mistakes as we poor rebels did about the value of positions. Now, General Johnston had precisely the same views on this subject. "Let the place go, and save the garrison," was his motto from the beginning to the end of the war. He retreated from Harper's Ferry, but he kept his troops in hand to aid in striking a heavy blow at Manassas.

He withdrew his army from the cul-de-sac at Yorktown, much to McClellan's chagrin and mortification. But then he turned upon his pursuers with terrible effect at Williamsburgh, at Eltham's Landing, and at Seven Pines. He had given the necessary order for a retreat from Vicksburgh; but Pemberton unfortunately thought that the *position* and not the *army* was the important thing, and Vicksburgh fell and the troops were all captured. He retreated from Dalton; but he inflicted day by day such heavy losses upon Sherman that the disparity between their numbers had almost ceased to exist. He was decried for his retreats, just as Washington was for his. But time has already wrought a mighty change in men's opinions and we believe that history will enroll the name of Joseph E. Johnston beside that of the man he so much resembled in mind and character.

Before we leave the subject of magnanimity, we would mention with pleasure a remarkable instance of it in the people of New-England. John Adams of Massachusetts recommended George Washington, of Virginia, to be made commander-in-chief of the American armies. John Adams, on succeeding Washington, as President of the United States, had such an appreciation of Washington's judgment in the choice of a cabinet that he made no change in it. Colonel John Brooks, of Massachusetts, afterward Governor of that State, stood so firmly and so nobly by Washington at the time of the Newburgh Mutiny, that the great Virginian was affected even to tears.

Edmund Everett, of Massachusetts, went all over the land delivering lectures in praise of the character, abilities and services of Washington. Gilbert Stuart, of Rhode Island, exhausted his skill as an artist in giving us the best, the most life-like and truthful portrait of Washington. Jared Sparks, of Connecticut, has been the most diligent collector of his orders and letters. The poets of New England have sung the sweetest hymns to his memory, their orators have pronounced his most eloquent enlogies, their painters have executed his best portraits, and their men of wealth have been the most careful to adorn their studios, their offices, and their parlors with the finest marble busts of this remarkable man. Now this is real magnanimity in that people, for never did mortal man speak more contemptuously of others than did he of them. We trust that the same keen perception of greatness in Washington, may be extended to his countrymen and that this may do much toward allaying the bitterness engendered by civil war.

It has been the rare fortune of Washington to be idolized at home,

honored and revered abroad. No name in history has been so much praised, none has been so little censured. The emperor and the serf, the aristocrat and the plebeian, the man of letters and the ignorant boor, the wise and the foolish, the good and the wicked, have vied with each other in homage to his memory. There is nothing so remarkable in the life of the man as this universal tribute to his great traits of character, by all classes and ranks of society, by men of every shade of opinion and of every possible difference in moral qualities. Does not this show that the image of the Maker on the human soul, though sadly defaced is not altogether obliterated, even in the vilest person, and that true excellence will always be recognized and esteemed?

Have passion and prejudice, envy, malice and all uncharitableness, power for only a limited period to blacken the character and stain the reputation of the truly great and good?

Jealousy of his growing influence and hatred of his pure character nailed to the cross the Redeemer of mankind, but there is no spot on earth where his memory is not now cherished. Washington had in his day bitter, malignant enemies, who reviled and slandered him. Mists and fogs may obscure the sun for a season, but there will come a time of meridian brightness and glory. Slander and detraction can no longer obscure the fame of Washington, which but grows brighter and brighter to the perfect day. "Ah! gentlemen," said the young conqueror of Italy to a party of Americans, "Washington can never be otherwise than well. The measure of his fame is full. Posterity will reverence, will talk of him as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolution." Napoleon preserved to the last moment of his life this profound regard for the great Virginian. When the news of Washington's death reached him he directed Fontanes to deliver an eulogy upon his life and character. Appreciation by so true a judge of greatness as Napoleon is in itself no mean proportion of fame.

But the delirious wretches of the French Revolution mingled his name with that of the Goddess of Liberty in their wild and bacchanal songs. Thus, the most eloquent panegyric probably ever penned upon the character of our Saviour is from the wicked infidel Rousseau.

Macaulay closes his eulogy upon his favorite hero, John Hampden, in these words: "It was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed that sobriety, that self-command, that perfect soundness of judgment, that perfect rectitude of intention, to which the histories of revolutions furnish no parallel, or furnish a parallel in Washington alone."

The great essayist and historian could understand the lofty soul and splendid achievements of the father of his country. But there has been many a tenth-rate Fourth of July orator who has been just as earnest in his admiration. Guizot spoke of Washington as "the most fortunate and the most virtuous of all the men of history."

According to the song of Burns, the Prince Regent "rattled dice with Charlie;" but the dissolute Charles James Fox (the Charlie of the poet) has been just as enthusiastic as any of the rest in praise of him who from boyhood scorned every species of vice. "A character of virtues so happily tempered by one another," said the gifted but dissipated statesman, "and so wholly unalloyed by any vices, is hardly to be found on the pages of history." We have been disposed to regard Lord Brougham as one of the purest of men, as well as one of the greatest of British orators and statesmen. But Lord Brougham (as quoted by Mr. Everett) has left this magnificent tribute to our countryman: "How grateful the relief which the friend of mankind, the lover of virtue, experiences when,

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turning from the contemplation of such a character, his eye rests upon the greatest man of our own or of any age, the only one upon whom an epithet, so thoughtlessly lavished by men, may be innocently and justly bestowed."

Lord Byron, whose genius can not redeem his crimes and folly, has given us two much admired stanzas in eulogy of our own Washington:

"Great men have always scorned great recompenses:
Epaminondas saved his Thebes, and died
Not leaving even his funeral expenses.
George Washington had thanks and naught beside,
Except the all-cloudless glory (which few men's is)
To free his country."

And on another occasion he sang:

"Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
Nor Freedom find no champion and no child,
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled;
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing nature smiled
On infant Washington? *Has earth no more*
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?"

We find in a cotemporary paper another tribute from Lord Brougham to Washington in the installation address which he delivered to the University of Edinburgh. This is so just and so thoroughly appreciative of his character, that we can not refrain from giving it also: "In Washington we may contemplate every excellence, military and civil, applied to the service of his country and of mankind—a triumphant warrior, unshaken in confidence when the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried—directing the formation of a new government for a great people, the first time so rash an experiment had ever been tried by man—voluntarily and unostentatiously retiring from supreme power with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, that the rights of man might be conserved, and that his example might never be appealed to by vulgar tyrants. It will be the duty of the historian and the sage, in all ages, to omit no occasion of commemorating this illustrious man, and until time shall be no more, *will a test of progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue, be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington.*"

This "test of progress" the United States in every section has nobly testified by the universal "veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington." We would be ashamed, too, to harbor the thought that there was any portion of our common country in which a narrow prejudice would not allow a single individual to admire similar qualities to those of Washington, whenever and wherever found.

But we have seen that the countrymen of Washington of the present day are not behind him in those great qualities, which the world so much admires in him. The great State which gave him birth, and gave them birth, may proudly point to her jewels and challenge any nation to show purer and brighter. She will not shrink from the comparison with England herself, whose eldest daughter she is, and whom she most nearly resembles in mind and character.

When England pronounces the names of her Marlborough, her Wellington, her Nelson, and her Havelock, Virginia echoes back, Washington, Johnston, Lee, and Jackson. When England writes upon the white scrolls of fame the names of her mighty statesmen and orators, Pitt and Fox, Burke and Sheridan, Canning and Brougham, Virginia enrolls, in like manner, the names of Jefferson and Henry, Madison and Monroe, Marshall and Randolph, Clay and Wise.

When England shows her laurel-wreathed Tennyson, Virginia points tearfully to her sinning but no less gifted son, Edgar A. Poe.

When England claims that the ponderous tomes of her illustrious divines have taught theology to the world, Virginia meekly answers that the works of her Alexanders, father

and sons, have been translated into all the tongues of Christendom. When England boasts that her improved agricultural implements take the precedence in every country, Virginia proudly points to her McCormick, whose reapers gather in the grain of every clime. When the poets of England sing the praises of Florence Nightingale, the incense of a million of grateful hearts rises in homage to the daughters of Virginia, each of whom was a Florence Nightingale in the dark death-struggle of our Confederacy. Oh! could these noble women but know how their tender care had alleviated and solaced, not merely the pain of the wounded and dying, but had also sent the only comfort to the hearts of wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters; and could they know how the broken-hearted, who sank under their bereavements, died imploring God's blessing upon them, they would feel rich and blessed indeed, though poverty be their portion, and every earthly comfort be denied them.

Ticknor, of Georgia, the true poet, has eloquently eulogized, in the lines below, the noble qualities of the sons of Virginia. But the prayers and grateful tears of mourners all over the South, speak the praises of her daughters in language to which words can do no justice.

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY.

The knightliest of the knightly race,
Who, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry,
Alight in hearts of gold;
The kindliest of the kindly band,
Who, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas;

Who climbed the blue Virginian hills,
Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of many homes,
With loveliness and worth—

We thought they slept! the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil fires.
But still the Golden Horse-shoe knights,
Their old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep.

D. H. H.

ENGLISH FARMERS.

THE taste for rural pursuits pervades all classes of the English population, from the royal family down to the humblest day laborer. George III. rejoiced in the sobriquet of Farmer George, and wrote for an agricultural magazine over the signature of Ralph Robinson. This magazine honored by the royal contributor was called the Annals of Agriculture, and edited by Arthur Young, so well known as an enlightened agriculturist. Arthur Young was the son of a prebendary of Canterbury, and so great was his influence in improving the agriculture of England that his name will always be mentioned with gratitude in every record of British farming.

In a very interesting article, in the "London Quarterly Review," entitled The Progress of English Agriculture, (from which we will copy largely,) we have a fine sketch of the progress of successive eminent agriculturists since and during the time of Arthur Young. Foremost among the men he helped to make known was Robert Bakewell, of Dishley, "a man of genius in his way, for he laid down the principles of a new art. He originated the admirable breed of Leicester sheep which still maintains a high reputation throughout Europe and America; and although he failed in establishing his breed of 'long-horn cattle' and of 'black cart horses,' he *taught others how to succeed.*" And the success of English farmers is marvelous to us. The lands of the Old World yield in a way which appears almost fabulous

to us of the New. England is almost a century ahead of us in the general practice of agriculture. In Robert Bakewell's day, the yeoman farmer had not yet removed to a parlor, and farmer's families had not yet been "bitten by the mad dog of gentility," and Bakewell sat in the huge chimney-corner of a long kitchen, hung round with the dried joints of his finest oxen, preserved as specimens of proportion. He was a tall, stout, broad-shouldered man, of a ruddy brown complexion, clad in a brown, loose coat, and scarlet waistcoat, leather breeches and top-boots. Here he entertained Russian princes, French and German royal dukes, British peers and farmers, and sightseers of every degree. Here he talked on his favorite subject, breeding, with earnest yet playful enthusiasm—here, utterly indifferent to vulgar traditional prejudices, he enunciated those axioms which must ever be the cardinal rules for the improvers of live stock. Whoever were his guests, they were all obliged to conform to his rules. Breakfast at eight o'clock, dinner at one, supper at nine, bed at eleven o'clock. At half-past ten o'clock, let who would be there, he knocked out his last pipe.

The principles which he laid down were these: Always select animals of the form and temperament which showed signs of producing most *fat* and *muscle*. In an ox, he said, "all was useless that was not beef;" and he sought, by pairing the best specimens, to make the shoulders comparatively small, the hindquarters large, and to produce a body *truly* circular, with as short legs as possible, upon the plain principle that the value lies in the barrel and not in the legs. He aimed at securing also a small head, small neck, and small bones. In sheep, his object was mutton, not wool, and he disregarded mere size. Dr. Parkinson told Paley that Bakewell had the power of fattening his sheep in whatever part of the body he chose, directing it to the leg, neck, or shoulder, as he thought proper, and "this," continued Parkinson, "is the great *problem* of his art." "It's a lie, sir," replied Paley, "and that's the *solution* of it." Parkinson, however, was not mistaken as to the *result* of Bakewell's method, although he was as to the *mode* of accomplishing it. The great physiologist confirmed Bakewell's views in one essential particular, for he asserted that, in the human subject, small bones were usually accompanied by corpulence. Mr. Clive, the celebrated surgeon, also came to the conclusion that extremely large bones indicated a defect in nutrition. Before Bakewell's day, *large* animals, of whatever shape, were the most highly prized. At a fair, at Ipswich, one or two enlightened persons suggested that a premium should be presented to Arthur Young, for introducing the South-Down sheep into Suffolk; and a farmer then determined to put forth the counter proposition, that Mr. Young was an enemy to the country, for "endeavoring to change the best breed in England for a race of *rats*."

We smile now in reading that in 1806, in spite of Mr. Coke's toast, "Small in size and great in value," a premium was awarded to the largest ox. In 1856, a little Devon ox, of an egg-like shape, which is the modern beau ideal, gained the Smithfield gold medal in competition with gigantic Short-horns and Herefords of elephantine proportions. They now want no animal which carries on his carcass more threepenny than ninepenny beef.

Lord Townshend was another great agricultural improver, "who originated practices which increased the produce of the land a hundred fold and of which the world continues to reap the benefit at this hour." He applied marl to the sands of Norfolk, and converted boundless wilds of rabbit warrens and sheep walks into rich grain-bearing soil. By the aid of marl, Young estimated that "three or four hundred thousand acres of wastes had been turned into gardens." But marling would not of itself have

reclaimed the Norfolk deserts. Turnips were so zealously advocated by Lord Townshend that he got the name of Turnip Townshend. Pope speaks of "all Townshend's turnips" in one of his imitations of Horace.

This crop, he had the sagacity to see, *was the parent of all future crops.* It and other roots are like the tortoise of Indian mythology, the basis upon which rests the money-bringing grain crop.

Without winter food, little stock can be kept; without stock, manure could not be made; and without manure, there can not be much of any thing else. A hundred years ago, hay was almost the only winter food in England, and all the flesh gained by the grass in summer was lost in winter, or barely maintained. "Fresh meat for six months of the year was a luxury only enjoyed by the wealthy. Even first-class farmers would salt down an old cow in the autumn, which, with flitches of fat bacon, supplied their families with meat until the spring.

But after the turnip cultivation was fairly introduced a full supply of winter food was obtained, and it is no wonder that they excited an enthusiasm similar to that of Lord Monboddo, who on returning home after a circuit, went to look at a field of them by candle-light. As the turnip was the parent of all future crops, so the farmer devoted all his manure to producing a full turnip crop.

Francis, Duke of Bedford, another great Norfolk landowner, succeeded to the mantle of Lord Townshend. He was followed by Mr. Coke of Holkham, afterward Earl of Leicester, who toward the close of last and the first of the present century headed agricultural reform.

The princely mansion at Holkham, erected from the designs of Kent, bears an inscription which imports that it was built in the midst of a desert tract, and its noble founder was accustomed to say at once sadly and jocularly, that his nearest neighbor was the king of Denmark.

Mr. Coke graphically described the condition of his estate by the remark, "That he found two rabbits quarreling for one blade of grass."

His first care was to apply the existing methods to fertilizing his barren wilds; his second was to improve on the prevailing practice; his third, like a true philanthropist, was to persuade his neighbors to follow his example. For thirty years both landlords and tenants were content to follow in the track which Lord Townshend had marked out for them—a track which led to such wealth that it is no wonder they were not tempted to further experiments. The Earl of Leicester roused them from their lethargy, and what Young calls a 'second revolution' commenced. The great evil of the times was that the farmers had little or no communication with each other. They were almost as much fixtures as their houses, and what was done on one side of the hedge was scarcely known upon the other. The Earl of Leicester instituted his annual sheep-shearings, to which he invited crowds of guests of all ranks. Under the guise of a gigantic festival, it was an agricultural school of the most effective kind, for the social benevolence engendered by such splendid hospitality disarmed prejudice, and many who would have looked with disdain upon new breeds of stock, new-fangled implements and new modes of tillage, received them favorably when they came recommended by their genial host. Hot politician as he was, according to the fashion of those days, his opponents forgot the partisan in the agriculturist.

When Cobbett, who had no liking for him, rode through Norfolk in 1821, he acknowledged that the people spoke of him as children would speak of a father. The distinguished visitors who came from other counties to the sheep-shearing, carried home with them lessons which had an effect upon farming throughout the kingdom. Excluded by his political opinions from court favor or office, the Earl of Leicester must have found abundant compensation in the feudal

state of gatherings at which hundreds assembled and were entertained—farming, hunting, or shooting, in the mornings — after dinner discussing agricultural subjects, whether the South-Down, or new Leicester were the better sheep—whether the Devon or the old Norfolk was the most profitable ox. He formed an intimacy with Arthur Young, and acted upon three of his maxims, which all Southern planters, in our new system of labor would do well to remember—First, that a truly good tenant can not be too much favored, or a bad one have his rent raised too high. Second, that good culture is another name for much labor. Third, that great farmers generally become rich farmers. By these methods, he raised his rental to more *thousands* a year than it was *hundreds* when he inherited his estate, and had enriched a numerous tenantry into the bargain.

No discovery, perhaps, was made by the Earl of Leicester in agriculture, but he showed a surprising sagacity in singling out what was good in ideas which were not received by the farming public at large, in combining them into a system, and persevering in them until they prevailed. He soon taught his tenants that valuable as was manure, they had better keep animals which would at the same time make a return in flesh and fat. Lord Leicester's steward, Blaikie, made a suggestion to Mr. John Hudson, of Castle Acre, which led that enterprising person to try a new experiment in fattening sheep. He ventured to supply his young wethers with sliced turnips and purchased oil-cake. Such was the success of his experiment, that to Mr. Coke's astonishment, when he asked to see the produce of his tup, he found they had been sent to market fat, twelve months before the usual time. Yet all John Hudson's neighbors, including his own father, who was also a man of agricultural progress, prophesied his ruin from his extravagance in buying food for sheep, which was regarded in much the same light in farming as for a young spendthrift to go for money to the Jews. Bought food would have been wasted on the former slow-growing species; but applied to the improved stock bred on Bakewell's principles, it created a demand, not only for tups from Sussex, steers from the Quantock Hills, and oil-cake from Germany, but for improved implements and machinery—the turnip-slicer, the cake-crusher, the chaff-cutter, and the bone-mill, as well as the drill, horse-hoe, and improved plows and harrows. The perfecting of the South-Down sheep by Mr. Jonas Webb, was due to one of those trivial circumstances which so frequently influence the events of the world. His grandfather was a breeder of Norfolk rams, and it was one of the amusements of the old gentleman, at his annual sales, to set his grandsons to ride on his rams, holding fast by their huge horns. It was during the races on these sharp-backed animals, that Jonas determined to breed sheep with better *saddles* of mutton, when he became a man. A lean, hurdle-backed, black-faced Norfolk ram, and the beautiful firkin-bodied South-Down, for which Mr. Webb refused five hundred guineas at the Paris Exhibition in 1856, are the two extremes—the two mutton-marks between the boyhood and manhood of the same individual. Nothing but a Norfolk sheep could have found a living on the Norfolk wilds—nothing but the roots, artificial grasses, grain, and oil-cake of modern day, could have raised the Babraham Downs to such marvelous perfection. But to return to Mr. John Hudson, whose name is familiar to all English, and most foreign agriculturists. In 1822 he entered upon his now celebrated farm of Castle Acre, of 1200 acres, which is a fair specimen of the Norfolk lands. At that period, the only portable manure was rape-cake, which cost £13 a ton, and did not produce any visible effect upon the crops for a month. The whole live stock consisted of 200 sheep and 40 cattle of the old Norfolk breed. He adopted what was then the new, now the old

Norfolk system—that is to say, 250 acres pasture, 300 wheat, 300 barley, (or in dear years 600 wheat), 300 roots, and 300 seeds, the rest being gardens and coverts. On these 1200 acres, he now maintains 10 dairy cows, 36 cart-horses, a flock of 400 breeding ewes, and he annually fattens and sells 3000 sheep, and 250 Short-horns, Devons, and Herefords. His root crops average from 25 to 35 tons per acre, and his wheat, 48 bushels per acre, barley, 56 bushels. Of the seeds, the clover is mown for hay, and the trefoil and white clover are fed down by sheep. The purchased food given to his cattle and sheep amounts to £2000. Guano, nitrate of soda, and superphosphate of lime amounts in addition to £1000. Wages absorb from £2600 to £3000 a year. Seven or eight wagon-loads of farm-yard manure are plowed in on land intended for roots, besides about thirty shillings' worth per acre of superphosphate of lime drilled in with the turnip-seed; while wheat has a top-dressing of 1 cwt. of guano, ½ cwt. of nitrate of soda, and 2 cwt. of salt, mixed with earth and ashes. *No weeds are grown.* The turnips are taken up in November, and a troop, called by the vile name of a "gang," consisting of boys and girls under an experienced man, traverse the ground, forking out and burning every particle of twitch or thistle. The same gang are called in during the progress of the root-crops whenever occasion requires, and immediately after harvest, they go over the stubbles with their little three-pronged fork, exterminating the slightest vestige of a weed. By thus weeding in time, the expenses are kept down to 1s. per acre.

Lord Berners mentioned as recently as 1855, that he found in Leicestershire hundreds of acres netted over with twitch as thick as a Life-guardsman's cane, and studded with clumps of thistles like bushes. Such neglected land required an expense of five pounds to six pounds to put it in heart. No such management disgraces the farm of Mr. John Hudson.

Mr. J. Thomas, of Lidlington Park, farms about eight hundred acres under the Duke of Bedford. This intelligent cultivator read a paper some time since to the Central Farmers' Club, in which he stated, with the assent of his tenant audience, that it was not only possible but advisable, to reduce the over-fertility of the soil, by cultivating two grain-crops in succession, a practice which was once considered fatal. This over-abundant fertility of soil produced in his turnips "strange, inexplicable diseases, his barley lay flat on the ground by its own weight, and his young clover was stifled and killed by the lodgment of the barley crop."

Thus, while Roman agriculturists, with all their garden-like care, were tormented by a constantly-increasing poverty of soil, we after ages of cropping have arrived at the point of over-abundant fertility. Mr. Thomas sells about one hundred and fifty head of cattle fat and one thousand sheep annually, beside keeping a choice breeding flock of four hundred South-Downs, the result of twenty years' care. By these sheep the process of fertilizing is constantly carried on. The store sheep are allowed to eat the turnips from the ground; but, for the fattening sheep, the turnips are gathered, topped, tailed, and sliced by a boy with a portable machine. Thus, feeding by day and penned successively over every part of the field at night, they prepare the land for luxuriant grain crops—land naturally so poor that it would scarcely feed a family of rabbits.

According to the latest experience, the most profitable system is to devote the farm-yard manure to the growth of clover, to eat down the clover with folded sheep, and then to use the ground fertilized by the roots of clover, without home-made manure, for cereal crops, assisted by a top dressing of guano. This crop is followed by roots nourished with super-phosphate of lime. Good implements come in aid of good cultivation. Mr. Thomas has eight or nine of Howard's iron plows—both light

and heavy—iron harrows to match the plows, a cultivator to stir the earth, a grubber to gather weeds, half a dozen drills, manure distributors, and horse-hoes, a clod crusher, a heavy stone roller, a hay-making machine, and horse-rakes. With machinery no large barn is required in the English climate; the grain can remain in the rick until required for market. About twenty men and thirty trained boys, under an aged chief, are constantly employed.

No land is here lost by unnecessary fences; no fertility is consumed by weeds; no time or labor is thrown away. One crop prepares the way for another, and the wheel-plow, under the charge of man or boy, follows quick upon the footsteps of the reaper. The sheep stock are kept up to perfection of form by retaining only the best shaped ewe lambs, and having or buying the best South-Down rams.

(To be continued.)

SOUTHERN POETRY.

THE annexed articles are contributions to this Magazine, and have never been published before.

LIFE'S FIG-LEAVES.

LIFE'S Fig-Leaves! Tell me, are not they
The outside beauties of our way,
The pleasant things beneath whose shade
Our inner spirit-life is laid?
I own, they oft give promise fair
Of fruit which never ripens there;
For, though we seek with earnest hope
Some tiny bud that yet may ope,
'Tis all in vain, for fruit or flower
The tree has not sufficient power;
And still the earnest spirit grieves,
Which seeking fruit finds only leaves.
When such I meet they call to mind
The Saviour's warning to mankind:
"The time for fruit was not yet nigh,"
Then wherefore must the fig-tree die?
Nature demanded leaves alone,
But yet he said in solemn tone,
"Let no more fruit upon thee grow,"
That he to us this truth might show—
All life for some good end is given,
And should bear fruit on earth for heaven;
Its leaves and blossoms go for naught,
Unless they are with promise fraught;
No buds for fruit the fig-tree bore,
Hence it was blighted evermore,
But unto man still mutely saith,
A hopeless, barren life is death.
And so the parable doth teach
That soul which doth not upward reach
For light and strength, and earnest strive
To keep the hope of fruit alive,

But sits content with leaves instead,
Is truly to all purpose dead.
But while life's leaves continue green
There yet is hope fruit may be seen;
A fruit, perchance, that is not found
Until these leaves fall to the ground,
Stripped by the storms which rudely tear
Life's beauties off, and leave it bare.
But let the tree, perfected now,
Recall the time when every bough
Bore only leaves, which close concealed
The fruit which storms at length revealed;
And know before man's life bursts out,
In ripened fruit its leaves must sprout.
So, when young lives in leafage stand,
With patience wait, till God's own hand
Reveals the buds hid in between,
Nor grieve that leaves alone are seen;
If strength and purpose in us live,
Some fruit in time each life will give.

MRS. MARY B. CLARK.

A ONE-ARMED SOLDIER'S STORY.

I.

I've been dreaming,
That amid a battle storm,
A woman's slender form
Lay across my buried arm.
Idle seeming;
For the Flag no longer flying,
The missing arm is lying,
Where the whip-poor-will is crying
And the turtle dove is singing
On the mountain.
Sigh on, the cord that bound us
To these blackened fields around us
Is severed! It was spoken,
When the golden bowl was broken
At the fountain!
Wistful dove with drooping wing,
'Tis meet that thou should'st sing,
For the gayer birds of Spring
Have Northward turned the wing—
Poor birds! they can not sing
Down in Dixie!

II.

Where the Sunland forest pride
Woos his snowy-breasted bride,
Where the sea-birds skim the tide,
And the moss-draped riverside,
Gently shaketh
Grandiflora from her slumber,
Beneath the velvet umber,

And her green-mailed knights in number
First awaketh;
I met a little maiden,
With amber jasmine laden,
A little sun-kissed maiden,
Olive-tinted beauty rare,
With rippling elfin hair,
Southern type beyond compare,
Born in Dixie.

III.

I loved her long ago,
But my arm was lost, you know,
And my wife might shudder, so
I muttered hoarse and low,
With emotion,
"We were young, and wide the world!"
Then I laughed, my senses whirled,
"She was free!" The sky was turning,
And my bitter words were burning,
Earth and ocean—
Then I swore! Her eyes were set,
In a mist of liquid jet—
"May my right hand—" I forget,
I feel it grasping yet
My good sword—'twas a debt
Freely given;
Sword and arm are on the grass
At Missionary Pass,
They would not part, alas!
Bones pave the rugged pass
Up to heaven!
Wild madman, to believe,
She kissed my empty sleeve
Ere she fled!
If she kissed it for my sake,
How strange a wish to make,
She were dead!

IV.

I saw her once again,
Spoke of a trifling pain
On my heart—a little chain
Heavy wearing;
I had worn it through the war,
A sixpence "brak in twa"—
Fool and daring!
Touched the white palm where it lay,
The wide world swooned away
And fell dead!
While I dreamed a woman's form
Leaned upon my missing arm,
Smiling through the battle storm,
And her head
Was vailed and bridal crowned,
Orange blossoms sprang around,

From a red ploughed battle-ground
Far in Dixie!

V.

Thank God! I lived again.
Her kiss, O blessed pain!
Filtered through each waking vein!
Mine forever!
Death, freeze my quivering heart
If we twain must walk apart,
Quickly sever!
The roses were aflame
In her cheeks. I breathed her name
While heaven went and came
From her eyes;
From the clear chased goblets fine,
In their limpid blue-white shine,
I quaffed the red-brown wine
Of melted sighs!
Mine evermore to cleave,
Mine nevermore to leave,
Wholly mine!
Strange the welling flood that rushes
Down my sleeve in living flushes
Red and warm;
Strange that amid the whirls
Of the ebon-tinted curls,
I distinctly feel each finger
Unclasp the sword to linger
Round her form!
God defends her from all harm,
With that unseen spirit arm,
Lost for Dixie!

VI.

Thou gorgeous Golden Rod,
With thy swaying, sleepy nod,
Beneath the winter's sod
Hiding sober,
Thou lithely fashioned thing,
Thy yellow hair may fling
On the hazy, lazy wing
Of October!
Wake and tender my love-blessing!
Where the witching curls are pressing
Spotless throat in light caressing,
Nestle tricksy,
And when thy bloom is rarest,
Kiss her softly if thou darest,
And proudly, if thou carest
To crown thyself the fairest
Flower in Dixie!

VII.

Ah! the king vine need not bend
O'er his tea-set to defend
Its adorning,
For the timid bounding fawn
On the spangled emerald lawn
Does not lightlier greet the dawn
Of the morning!
Topaz-colored butter-cup
Nectar-laden brimming up,
Fit for the king to sup,
Now no malice;
By my faith, the crowned head
Might on sweeter sweets be fed
Could he taste her lips instead
Of thy chalice!
Bright sea-shell, swiftly seek
Deeper rouge, an olive cheek
Is abloom!
Tangled sweet-brier, thou must fill
Rarer vases to distill
Thy perfume!
It is meet a Southern maiden
Should with thy sweets be laden,
Lovely Dixie!

VIII.

O sun-loved sky of ours!
Call the aromatic flowers,
To steep their limbs in showers!
Early wake the orange bowers
Bluest sky!
Invite the jasmine vine
Her brightest cups to twine,
Round and round our wedding shrine;
Fill them up with golden wine,
To the brim in amber shine,
By and by!
Bid the grand old forest pride
With the sweet-breathed bay beside,
Launch their white boats on the tide
That the love-lamps safe may glide
Down the river for my Bride,
Won in Dixie!

GREENVILLE, ALABAMA. MISS I. M. PORTER.

THE FIGHT IN THE NAMELESS ISLE.

PRELUDE.

TRUE Thomas the Rymour of Erceldoune
To his guests once sang in his own old hall,
By chaunt of his voice in a monotone
And not with the aid of silvery harp,

The old Romance of Sir Tristrem the brave,
Son of Roland Riss and Lady Blanche Floure:
How first he was seen by the fair Issolte,
And how she was brought from the Irish shores
For his uncle, King Mark, a bride to be:
How neither had known of the love that glowed
In the heart of each for the other, till
The hapless hour when together they drank
From the magical cup which Brengwaine held
Upon the ship's deck to their thirsty lips.
He sang not that time, as often before
His voice in that hall had chaunted the tale;
He sang not then of the sin and the shame,
That like phantom forms kept chasing the twain,
And bringing to both the breaking of hearts.
For, ere he had told of the stain of guilt,
That smirched for aye the fair fame of the twain,
One sad, beseeching face among his guests
In its rapid course the minstrel's song staid.
The tender pity for a soul misled,
The grace of modesty that would not hear
Too willingly the tale of woman's shame,
The charity that wished to throw at least
Kind silence for a mantle over sin,
In a moment by the Rymour were read
In the sweet, gentle imploring that looked
Out from the lady's fast-filling eyes.
That silent prayer was to him a decree,
So he ceased to sing the dolorous lay.
But those hearing him chaunt such liquid tones
Ever kept in their minds his measured strain;
And in the harvest-time often, when leaves
Both red and yellow carpeted the ground,
They murmured, as by some noisy stream they strolled,
The rippling words in which the tale was told:
How huntsman Tristrem in Leonesse ruled,
How Cornwall, his uncle's fair realm, he freed.
The princely place he held at Tintagel,
Where Arthur, purest knight and king, was born;
And how he taught the fair Issolte to play
The noble game of chess, and draw sweet strains,
As courtly minstrels do, from rote and harp.
Among the rest, a page of high degree
Knew best the ancient Rymour's very words;
And, when his knighthood came by accolade
And lordly halls his graceful form received,
Because that many wished to hear the lay,
He caused a monk to set it down aright:
And this, The Battle in the Nameless Isle,
Is taken from the parchment so inscribed:
And thus in modern speech is told the tale
That lingers in that fair romance of old.

THE FIGHT IN THE NAMELESS ISLE.

It is a bitter winter's morn that greets
The deeds of which my lay essays to tell.

And the wild waves in white foam-crested sheets
  Are lashing now the base of Tintagel:
As on the Cornish shore each billow beats,
  It seems to sound for hope a damning knell,
And ring a requiem to all the bliss
The natives of the land might once possess.

The air is keen—the winds are wondrous high,
  The sea-bird's scream is heard above their roar;
In their lone tower the weeping maids descry,
  In every dusky cloud that seems to soar,
Sweeping swiftly along the leaden sky,
  The shapes of dead men's shrouds, and nothing more:
No other form phantasmal can they see,
Save these, which woeful portents needs must be.

What heaviness of heart within the land
  Is there to suit in gloom such dismal day?
Alas! in Cornwall few there be of grand
  Or simple ones that do not feel dismay:
As surf that sobs the spongy old sea-sand
  Is the wild grief to which their hearts are prey,
A hidden spring of moisture quick to burst
In sudden tears at pressure of the worst.

In Tintagel, that castle huge and high,
  Upreared by giants in the olden time,
With walls of quarels chequered wizardly
  With tint of cinnabar impressed on lime,
Varied with azure—and forced from the eye
  To vanish by the spell of magic rhyme
At Lammastide and Christmas time, 'tis said—
A sight that few, I ween, have witnessèd—

In Castle Tintagel—as I was saying—
  Behold the saddened face of Mark the King!
There one may read what dark thoughts are swaying
  A mind bowed down with shame and sorrowing:
If a single hope be left there straying,
  It, too, no doubt will soon be on the wing.
Well may he be sad, for faint hearts alone
Have caused what comes this day to make them moan.

At his side his counselors gray are sitting,
  But in their heavy faces not a ray
Of hope is seen, or sign of counsel fitting:
  They too are sunk in deep and dark dismay,
As desperate mariners, remitting
  All effort to resist the tempest's sway,
Stand sullenly their captain's form beside
And watch in apathy the surging tide.

Moraunt, the giant knight, is come at last—
  This is the head and front of all their pain,
That he is here to levy tribute vast
  Long claimed—and this is Cornwall's greatest bane—

By Anguish, Ireland's king. Of gold amassed
By easy-natured Mark, Moraunt is fain
To urge three hundred pounds in payment first,
In which fair sum the kingdom is amerced.

The same in silver, and the same in tin,
The lifeless pledges for their faith complete:
And were this all, little the wailing din
We hear, of sympathy from me would meet;
But, O disaster doubtless due to sin!
Submission to the tribute, at the feet
Of Moraunt, forces them as slaves to place
Three hundred youths and maidens of their race.

Oh! many, many hearts are mourning now
Parting so dread—such fearful banishment:
On their children's necks tender mothers bow,
Praying that they be not to Ireland sent;
While fathers sit, too crushed and dumb to vow
To send such ransom as may bring some vent
For the home-coming of the loved and lost,
Though all their worldly wealth may be the cost.

Sisters wait sadly for the dismal time,
The time of parting that must come too soon,
And brothers think with anguish of that clime,
That hated land to which their loved are boune,
And curse, as though it were a deadly crime,
That well might chase from heaven the frighted moon,
The cowardice of craven Cornish knights,
Who dare not champion their monarch's rights.

Fond maidens passionately pray to be
The sharers of their lovers' weal or woe:
If these the lot still destines to be free,
They too the bliss of home would wish to know;
But, if to Irish lords they bow the knee,
They too for sake of love would sink as low—
Such is the strength affection gives a maid:
The loving naught can fright and naught degrade.

Alas! The doom seems none the less a doom,
Ordained to fall upon these stricken hearts,
For who is there so bold as dare assume,
When Moraunt's giant form as foe upstarts,
The part of champion in this hour of gloom,
Unless some Power unearthly strength imparts?
Were Merlin here, he scarce would give them aid,
For magic charms will flee the coward's blade.

And all the Cornish knights are carpet knights:
Their King is craven, too, or else is cold;
For of resistance to these baseless rights—
His soul is innocent of thought so bold:
The very sound of Moraunt's name invites
To each cheek in his court, though brown and old,

Such pallid hue as maidens wont to wear,
When fill their beating hearts with thoughts of fear.

A gallant knight is Sir Moraunt, though scarce
A prince of courtesy with friend or foe:
Strong, brave, and frank, impetuous and fierce,
For failing hearts he could no pity know,
And would in ruthless scorn such bosom pierce
As heaved with coward sobs and coward woe.
As little as soft tear-drops know his cheek,
Knows he the tenderness that spares the weak.

He laughs to scorn the Cornishmen to-day:
Their lady-brows are sad as night, 'tis true;
But, though hate may mix with their wild dismay,
They dare not scowl upon his haughty view;
And, though crushed passion claims her secret sway,
They dare not frown their anger out, as clue
To all the hate their tongues, if loosed, could tell
For Moraunt's land, and all that in it dwell.

But, hark, that faint cheer wafted from afar!
Doth it betoken for the wretched hope,
And light their darkness with a rising star,
By whose rays faith its wildered way may grope,
And, grappling fell despair, its face may mar?
Can it be a champion come to cope
With dark Moraunt, the tiger-hearted knight:
Comes there one at last to uphold the right?

Lo! Mark the King in Tintagel upstarts
From his chair of state, eager to behold
What sight could bring to fallen, sunken hearts
Such joy as might a mother's heart enfold,
When by her son's sick-bed the leech imparts
Glad tidings of the fever's feeble hold.
He gazes from the castle-wall to scan
The knight who now draws near the barbican.

It is a knight, who comes across the plains,
Mounted well, and making what speed he can,
Pressed by the base-born throng he much disdains,
Who will not part and give him way, for ban
Or threat, though largely urged with both. Not chains
Will keep the senseless rabble from the van
What time there is no peril to be met,
But only some new thing their eyes to whet.

That barret-cap, that heron's plume that floats
With wavy lightness from it up and down,
King Mark, amid the music of the rotes
And in the dance, has often seen it crown
The noble head of one on whom he dotes;
For distant is the day when he will frown
On the sister's son, who already bears
So high a name as knight, though young in years.

A surer mark's the lion on his shield,
That ramps with glare so fierce and red and high,
Embossed in bass-relief on silver field,
With a ruby for his glittering eye.
His princely rank and name are thus revealed
To all who may these knightly arms espy;
They stamp him Prince and Knight of Leonesse,
Minstrel, huntsman and son of Roland Riss.

As he draws near to Tintagel, the King
At once in joyous haste descends the stair,
His only hope to which he now can cling
Eager to meet and give him welcome there:
Around the knight his arms he longs to fling
And learn from him, if he with Moraunt dare
Contest the right on which so many fates
Hang doubtful, like his counselors' debates.

Sir Tristrem from his steed dismounts the while,
And he meets with a kind and courtly grace
The King's glad welcome and the kinsman's smile,
And with gay tones he chases from his face
The sadness fixed there by conditions vile,
And leaving of its stay some wrinkle-trace:
By Tristrem's merry eye his gloom is shamed—
Such sadness is by courage dumbly blamed.

T. S. H.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HAVERSACK.

DURING the Christmas holidays of 1861–2 General Stonewall Jackson gave orders to his troops to commence building winter quarters. As soon as he supposed that the spies of the enemy had time to communicate the intelligence, and thus to lull into security, he began the first of those rapid secret marches which afterward made him so famous. His own second in command did not know the line of march, nor the objects of the campaign; and it is said that he often expressed his annoyance at the reticence of his chief. Then was first noticed the General's plan of halting for the night short of a cross-road, so that his own troops could not tell what route he would take in the morning. The weather was horrible; but his noble soldiers pressed on spite of ice, sleet, and snow, and soon placed themselves so threateningly on the line of communication of the United States garrison at Romney in Hampshire county, that it was abandoned. General Jackson sent a portion of his forces to occupy that important point. The officer in charge of them was so much dissatisfied with his position that he made such representations to the Secretary of War as to induce him to issue an order for the evacuation. As the official then in charge of the War Department was as ignorant of military etiquette as of the art of war, it was said that he issued this order without consulting General Jackson in regard to its propriety or the importance of Romney to our cause. The General obeyed the order, and then tendered his resignation, which, however, was not accepted. A friend,

supposing that he might have been induced to take this step through pique at the discourtesy shown him, wrote to him, remonstrating with him for inflicting so serious a loss upon the country through motives of offended pride. In reply, he received a letter which, not being altogether satisfactory in regard to the General's feelings and future intentions, he again wrote a more earnest appeal to him. The reader will be struck with the resemblance between the temper and language of the following answer to the second letter and those employed by General Washington on a similar occasion when writing to a gentleman in New-England.

The sentences underscored in General Jackson's letter have been marked thus by the editor of the Magazine:

WINCHESTER, February 7, 1862.

GENERAL: It appears from your letter of yesterday that I have not made myself understood respecting the motive that prompted the tendering of my resignation. It was not because I felt that an indignity had been offered me, but because the Secretary of War had applied a principle which, if persisted in, would ruin our cause. *I have taken the ground, and hope always to adhere to it, that individual interests must be disregarded when country is involved—that our cause must be placed high above every other temporal consideration.* As I was the first officer to whom the Secretary applied the principle of unnecessarily abandoning to the enemy what had been first restored to us, it in my humble opinion became my duty to protest against such a course in the strongest terms, which I did after executing this order, by tendering my resignation, thus showing that I would not consent to be a willful instrument in carrying out a ruinous policy.

Truly yours, T. J. JACKSON.

WINCHESTER, February 10, 1862.

GENERAL: I send herewith the Richmond Dispatch of the 8th.

A few days since, Captain Baylor wounded a couple of Yankees who were trying to run off one of his negroes, and soon after they crossed the Potomac and burned several houses in Harper's Ferry.

I hope that there will not be any necessity for constructing a raft-bridge at Castleman's Ferry; but should you become satisfied that the enemy designs advancing on you in such force as to require you to fall back, and you should determine to do so by Castleman's Ferry, please let me know, and I will at once have the bridge constructed in the event of your requiring more rapid transportation than can be furnished by the two ferry-boats, the capacities of which I notified you some days since. Major Morrison writes that they are expecting Burnside to attack Roanoake Island.

Respectfully your ob't ser't,
T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

COMMANDING OFFICER at Leesburg.

WINCHESTER, Feb. 15, 1862,
7.30 A.M.

GENERAL: Yesterday morning the enemy drove the militia from Bloomery Pass, distant from here twenty-one miles. Another consequence of abandoning Romney. Some of the enemy are reported as killed, and a number of ours as captured.

Day before yesterday, I sent eleven small boats to Castleman's Ferry. One of the twelve mentioned in my former dispatch was unserviceable.

Respectfully, your ob't serv't,
T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

COMMANDING OFFICER, Leesburg.

WINCHESTER, VA.,
Feb. 17, 1862.

GENERAL: Yesterday Lieutenant-Colonel Ashby recovered Bloomery, wounding one of the enemy and capturing a horse. Ashby also had a man wounded. The enemy can make the occupation of Bloomery important to him.

I am apprehensive for the safety of Winchester. Should it fall, it would be a serious loss. The enemy might then advance southward, and thus force the evacuation of Centreville, etc., without firing a gun at our main position, but merely by seizing the communication and cutting off supplies for Manassas.

Respectfully, your ob't serv't,
T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

The ten boats and a gondola capable of carrying a hundred men, left Berry's Ferry yesterday for Castleman's.

COMMANDING OFFICER at Leesburg, Va.

WINCHESTER, Feb. 20, 1862.

GENERAL: I return herewith the statement of the Baltimore refugee, for which I am much obliged to you.

Your intrenching tools have not arrived. When they come I will forward them to the ferry, and notify you of the same.

The railroad is complete as far east as Hancock.

I am not fortifying. My position can be turned on all sides. There are some fortifications here, in which are heavy guns.

Should I succeed in getting an engineer officer, I may need some of the tools you speak of, and will be thankful for them.

Buckner and Pillow are at Nashville with 25,000 men.

Respectfully, your ob't serv't,
T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

COMMANDING OFFICER at Leesburg.

WINCHESTER, Feb. 22,
4.40 P.M.

GENERAL: I will mark the letters in future, when the case is urgent, as you suggest.

I fully agree with you respecting the importance of fortifying, but feel a delicacy about suggesting any thing to General Johnston respecting points in his department outside of my district; but as the points you name are so intimately connected with your position, you can do so with propriety.

Tennessee troops, *en route* from this place to Manassas, are crossing at Castleman's Ferry. No news, yet, of the intrenching tools.

Respectfully, your ob't serv't,
T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

COMMANDING OFFICER at Leesburg.

The letters of the 20th and 22d February, 1862, show the General's opinion of the importance of fortification. It was often said of him that he despised such things, and an ungenerous effort was made at one time by some foolish writers to decry "West-Point science," by pointing to the example of General Jackson.

Now, his plan was to be the attacking party, if possible; and he often spoke of the advantage of attack over defense as being two-fold, namely, the assailant had the moral advantage of assumed superiority, and he could strike his blow at the weakest point of the line.

But when a point had to be defended, there was no one who saw more clearly than he the advantage of protecting his own men and of breaking the impetuosity of the enemy by earth-works of even a slight character.

The Russians, during their war with Napoleon, had more steadiness and endurance than the French troops; but they could not withstand the enthusiasm and rapidity of the attacks of the French soldiery, till they delayed them by earth-works, abattis, and obstructions of various kinds, long enough to cool the fierceness and ardor of the assault. McClellan had the same notions in regard to Southern impetuosity, and he fortified every step as he advanced; and all his successors wisely followed his example. The art of fortification is as old as the art of war itself, and the foolish men who wished to eulogize General Jackson were paying him but a poor compliment, when they sought to make his opinions different from those of all the great captains, from Joshua down to Napoleon. The thorough soldier, but ignorant boor Suwarrow, had great success when opposed to men like himself, but the scientific generals of Napoleon taught him the folly of his contempt for the great principles of warfare, and he died in neglect and obscurity.

The night after Burnside's repulse at Fredericksburgh, General Jackson *ordered his artillery to throw up epaulements and his infantry to dig rifle-pits.* The enemy, it is well known, did not attack the next day, and his situation was very precarious.

General Franklin, in his testimony before the Committee of Investigation, expressed his surprise at this, and said his troops would have been demoralized by even a show of attacking them. A division commander said to General Jackson, "My batteries could be opened with terrible effect." He replied, "If we are quiet,

may be they will renew the attack." It is probable such a hope influenced the Confederate leaders, and kept them from making the attack themselves. The dawn of the next morning revealed that Burnside, or rather his troops, had recrossed the river.

The writer of this happened to be by General Jackson, when it became evident that the enemy had escaped. His countenance expressed great disappointment, while he gazed on the open field where the foemen had lately been, nothing to be seen there now but some newly upturned graves and some still unburied bodies. At length he said, "I did not think that a little red earth would have frightened them. I am sorry that they are gone. I am sorry I fortified."

The italics in the preceding letters are our own and not his.

It is needless to say that he was entirely mistaken as to the strength of Buckner and Pillow, he having derived his information from the newspapers.

The letter of the seventeenth February shows the forecast of General Jackson and his military genius. He divined the plan which McClellan, that thorough master of the theory of warfare, had adopted.

At the time General Jackson was writing this letter, the officer to whom it was directed was in consultation with a refugee, who had escaped through the lines and who brought certain intelligence of a flank movement against Centreville by way of Winchester, and it may be of Loudon and Fauquier counties. The information of this man was most minute and accurate in regard to the position and strength of all the troops on the north side of the Potomac, as well as of those under McClellan in person. Some of his adventures in gathering facts and getting through the lines were of a romantic character and of thrilling interest. His statements were written out in full and forwarded both to General Johnston and to General Jackson. Whether the former had received earlier intelligence of the intended movement, we do not know certainly, but the latter had not. The refugee soon after sealed his devotion to the Southern cause with his blood. He had a foreboding of his fate, and said that he "had come to die with his own people."

As soon as the movement was fully developed and the enemy began to cross the Potomac, General Jackson, ever prompt to strike a blow, proposed a plan for the union of the forces at Leesburg with his own, that together they might attack and beat him in detail.

The letter containing his full views can not now be found, and may be in the hands of his biographer. The letter of March tenth refers to the junction of forces and to his firm conviction that "a kind Providence would bless it with a rich military harvest." The officer at Leesburg wrote to his superior for instructions, and received for a reply, "If Jackson can give you assurance that together you can repulse the enemy, I would do it, otherwise not." Finding that no troops were to join him, Jackson resolved to hold his position alone. We think that there is nothing in his great career so sublime as his remaining at Winchester when all his allies had abandoned the adjacent posts and left him without the remotest prospect of help against an enemy more than ten times as numerous as himself. This was a source of great anxiety to some of the retreating columns, but of amusement to many others.

"What news, Stuart; has Jackson left Winchester yet?" "No, and he will not till he has hit them a good lick." Such was the manner in which his great tenacity was viewed by his comrades.

At last he fell back, but only to return when he thought that the occasion presented itself to "hit the good lick." The battle of Kernstown was fought against greater odds than any other battle in our history, save Boonsboro alone. It was a defeat, but the generous Irishman who fought Jackson paid the most handsome tri-

bute to the magnificent courage of his troops and to their skillful handling. But this, though a defeat, was fraught with more important consequences than most of our Confederate victories, (Chickamauga, for instance,) if it be indeed true that it brought Banks back from his march to join McClellan. In that event the blow was begun at Kernstown which was made decisive on the Chickahominy.

The generosity of General Shields was felt by Jackson, and we have reason to believe that the kind feelings mutually entertained for each other in the Mexican war were never changed by their being on opposite sides in the great civil contest.

The letter of the twenty-sixth February is curious as showing that nineteen months before he captured Harper's Ferry with its garrison of eleven thousand five hundred men and seventy-two pieces of artillery, he understood precisely how it was to be done. This letter sketches out the very plan which he afterward adopted. Some foolish persons have supposed that his successes were happy blunders, or the result of the inspiration of the moment. The fact is just the reverse; his plans were well matured, well weighed, and thoroughly digested before he put them into execution. Because he told no one of his thoughts, many imagined that he allowed himself quietly to float down the current of events waiting for the favorable turn to enter or seize some desirable haven. "If my left hand knew what my right hand was doing," said he on one occasion to a too curious individual, "I would cut it off." But his intimate friends knew that his mind was ever active. "Jackson is always forming plans for killing Yankees," said Stuart of him at Centreville. In truth, though a devout believer in an over-ruling Providence, he was no fatalist. He believed in employing right means in order that Providence might bless those means. Napoleon had some strange notions about his star and "the sun of Austerlitz," but this superstition never kept him from arranging the plan of battle himself and seeing in person to the execution of its minutest details. He was never suspected of making "happy blunders," because of his blind belief in destiny. Why, then, should this language be applied to the victories of the Christian soldier because of his faith in the Ruler of the universe?

Is it not a species of infidelity? the envy of the man of the world at the genius of the man of prayer? or might it be rather the jealousy of the weak mind on account of the greatness which it can not understand or appreciate?

HEADQUARTERS, WINCHESTER, VA.,
February 24, 1862.

GENERAL: The enemy crossed the Potomac last night, and took possession of Harper's Ferry; his force is not known. The telegraphic line between here and there is broken at several points. I will take immediate steps toward repairing it. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

COMMANDING OFFICER at Leesburg.

If you can aid me, please be in readiness. I will keep you advised of events.

HEADQUARTERS, WINCHESTER, VA.,
February 26, 1862.

GENERAL: Your letter of yesterday indicates that your position is threatened. And whilst I need reënforcements, yet I do not desire them to be sent if your own safety will be endangered thereby. The enemy has not advanced this side of Harper's Ferry. It appears to me that you can prevent the reconstruction of the railroad bridge at Harper's Ferry, and possibly drive the enemy out of the town by means of a few pieces of artillery on the Loudon Heights.

If the enemy are satisfied that the railroad bridge can not be rebuilt, I think the town will probably be evacuated, and especially if you can get such a position as to endanger their boats. The attempt from the Loudon Heights is worth the effort. The artillery would have to be placed some distance below the summit. The invaders crossed in boats. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

COMMANDING OFFICER at Leesburg.

WINCHESTER, 6.51 A. M.,
March 7, 1862.

GENERAL: Your dispatch of the 4th is the last that has reached me.

I am in a condition to fall back now, but do not know when I will do so.

What point do you fall back to?

Captain Sheetz, at Berryville, took two Federals yesterday. They report that in their opinion about 20,000 have crossed at Harper's Ferry. Captain Sheetz reports that a party of the enemy are moving up the Shenandoah on your side of the river. I think it is small, and probably has for its object the possession of the ferries.

I will let you know immediately when I fall back.

The news of Lander's death and of Shields being his successor is confirmed.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

COMMANDER C. S. FORCES, Leesburg.

WINCHESTER, 6.35 A. M.,
March 8, 1862.

GENERAL: I have no news this morning. Yesterday the enemy came within about five miles of here. Ashby skirmished with him for some distance, and finally, aided by a kind Providence, to whom all glory be given. Since that time the enemy has not returned. As instruments in the hands of God, great praise is due to Colonel Ashby and his brave officers and men.

I have no dispatch from you since the one dated the 4th instant. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

Please let me know to what point you are moving.

WINCHESTER, 5.55 A. M.,
March 10, 1862.

GENERAL: Some of your dispatches that there was reason to believe were lost, finally, after two or three days subsequent to their date, reached me. I do not think that the dispatches of more than two days failed ultimately to reach me.

I would be delighted, if you were out over here with your command. I have reason to believe that a kind *Providence* would give us a rich military harvest. As yet, the enemy have not come within nearer than five miles of me; but may do so at any time, if not prevented by *God*.

When he advanced last Friday my command was in delightful spirits, well tuned for defending the trust confided to them.

I felt quite anxious about you when you were at Leesburg, during the last few days of your stay.

Please send the accompanying dispatch to General Johnston. I would not trouble you with it had I not an opportunity of sending it so far on its way by your courier. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

COMMANDER C. S. FORCES.

In the early part of 1862, Brigadier-General Charles P. Stone, United States army, was arrested on the suspicion of disloyalty to his government. As one of the charges against him was a treasonable correspondence with a former friend and messmate, the editor of this Magazine, justice to a brave, honorable, and high-minded officer seems to require the publication of the only three letters ever received from him, though we had hoped not to intrude ourselves in any way in the Monthly. The originals of these letters are still preserved, and can be seen by those curious about such matters. They are a sufficient reply to one of the charges against General Stone, who was imprisoned, we believe, for twelve months. The propriety of sending these letters by flag of truce to General McClellan was at one time discussed; but it was feared that rebel interest in the fate of the unfortunate officer would but add to his difficulties. General Beauregard had forwarded a paper found on the battle-field of Ball's Bluff, which relieved General Stone from the responsibility of that disaster; but this, it was thought, had done him harm.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS OF OBSERVATION,
POOLSVILLE, Jan. 8, 1862.

General D. H. Hill, Commanding Forces at Leesburg, Va.:

GENERAL: A temporary absence at Washington prevented my receiving until last night your letter of the 4th instant, accompanying three wounded prisoners unconditionally released. While expressing my high appreciation of this

act of humanity, I will state that I have recommended the release, on the same terms, of three prisoners of equal grade, whom I hope to have the pleasure of returning to your care. Very respectfully, General, your obedient servant,

(Signed) CHAS. P. STONE,
Brigadier-General.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS OF OBSERVATION,
POOLSVILLE, Jan. 15, 1862.

GENERAL: In reply to your inquiry as to whether I would receive Miss E—— and Miss G ——, whom you desire to expel, I would state that if they are loyal to the United States and desire to come within the lines of the army, they will be received and protected. Very respectfully, General, your most obedient,

CHAS. P. STONE,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

General D. H. HILL, Commanding at Leesburg.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS OF OBSERVATION,
POOLSVILLE, Jan. 15, 1862.

GENERAL: Your letter of yesterday's date was duly received this morning. The firing on Sunday night was directed, not on your pickets, as reported to you, but on a boat attempting a passage near Harrison's Island.

I shall direct officers bearing flags of truce to be more careful in future about crossing before the arrival of the officers sent to meet them. You can of course fire on the balloons if you see fit; but the fire will be returned as soon as given.

I respond fully and freely to your kind personal feelings, and can never forget the friendship and esteem conceived years ago for the manly man who nobly sustained then the flag he is now so madly endeavoring to trail in the dust, he forgetting that under its folds he learned the art and science which he now brings to bear in the vain attempt to work out its humiliation. You jestingly speak of the treatment I shall receive when captured by your troops! The officers of this command have learned what treatment to expect should they under any circumstances surrender, by that meted out by your superiors to the brave Cogswell; and I for one would prefer the kindly bullet, with my "face to the sky and feet to the foe" of my country and flag, to the tender mercies of your masters.

When you may by the chance of war fall into the hands of your old friend, you shall find the softest ground in his tent, spread with his best blanket for you, and the best seat at his poor table awaiting you. Very respectfully, General, your most obedient servant,

CHAS. P. STONE, Brigadier-General.

General D. H. HILL, Leesburg, Va.

Reports of battles have been promised from Generals Johnston, Beauregard, and others, and will appear from time to time.

ELMSVILLE AND ITS HOSPITAL.

BY REITA.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"YES, mother, to-night is my last at home." Thus spoke Frank Barton, in reply to a question asked by his mother. "To-morrow I leave for my regiment. I received a letter from Phil Bradford yesterday; and in it he mentions that Major Cross has been disabled by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of one of the soldiers. Poor Cross! I am sorry for him. He is a gallant soldier and a noble fellow."

"But, my son, why go to-morrow? Lil is at ——; and John will surely be provoked if you do not see him before you leave for Virginia."

"Well, mother, I would certainly like to see Johnnie; and I *must* see Lil—bless her! *She* would never forgive me if I went away without seeing her."

"Frank, you really must not go to-morrow. What has Phil Bradford written you that has so suddenly recalled you to your command?"

"Mother, I am morally certain that one woman has twice as much curiosity as three men; but to settle

difficulties, and quiet your mind, here's Phil's letter. You can read it, and if you see why I should remain at home, after reading it, why, of course I'll do so; and, while you are engaged in finding out the 'fine points,' I will call Jack and tell him to saddle Telegraph, for I must go and see Johnnie and that little wife of his."

So saying, the handsome Frank whistled to a greyhound lying on the rug.

"Come, Jowler, old fellow, do you want to go over to Calhoun too?" Then, whistling three times in a shrill tone, as a summons to his dark valet, he was answered by a sprightly boy of merry countenance and unmistakably *of color*.

"Did you call, Mass Frank? I t'ought I yere your whistle, sah."

"Yes; I want you to saddle Telegraph, and bring him round to the door."

Frank then walked slowly back toward the house, whence he had sauntered while issuing his orders to Jack; and as he reached the steps, he sat down and looked thoughtfully around him, noting with a half-sad tenderness the many familiar objects upon which his eye rested.

"To-morrow," said he to himself, "I return to my regiment. Shall I ever return home? Shall I ever see again this spot, so loved, so dear? Will my eyes ever again see that darling mother, gentle, loving sister, and my brother?"

His sad musings were interrupted by his mother's voice, calling from the parlor:

"Frank, are you busy? If not, come here for a moment, before you leave. I want you to tell me what to put away in your trunk. I know you will not come back before nightfall. Johnnie and Annie will keep you until then."

"Mother dear, do as you like about the matter. You are better acquainted with my wants than I am."

As his mother, thus commissioned with full powers, turned away instinctively to commune with herself in regard to Frank's needs, his expeditious "master of the horse" appeared, with his report of proceedings on his lips:

"Telegraph ready, Mass Frank! I got 'um roun' to de piazza."

"Good-by, Lady Barton. I'll see you ere the gentle queen of night begins her silvery reign. So, get every thing ready for me, and good-by again."

Kissing his mother, he disappeared through the door; and in a few moments was speeding down the avenue on the spirited horse, which had taken its eccentric name from its reputation for swiftness, a quality well exercised whenever Frank was the rider.

Let me tell you briefly, reader, who Frank Barton was. He was a descendant of one of the oldest families in Floyd county, the youngest son of Colonel Barton, a gentleman of distinction as a statesman and soldier. Young, handsome, wealthy, he added to these adventitious qualities the charm of a genial manner and an irresistible frankness in eye, tone, and gesture. Better and rarer than these, were those ingredients of worth and excellence, which raised his character to so high a standard in the estimation of all who knew him—his generous instincts, his honorable principles, his unswerving adherence to any purpose once resolved upon, and last of all, his unselfishness. Warmly attached to friends as well as kindred, devoted to our righteous cause, and conspicuously brave in the hour of danger, he was a noble specimen of manhood, possessing all the requisites of a true gentleman. He was, at the breaking out of the war, a recent graduate of Emory College, where he had won the prize for the best essay, and had taken the first honor; and, if it could add to his merits, he was now senior captain in the Fifty-second Georgia infantry.

Mrs. Barton busied herself, meanwhile, to get her boy ready for the morrow. With a sad foreboding she

arranged his clothing, fondly lingering over each article as she folded it and packed it away. Fond mother! Little did she think that strangers' hands would perform the same service ere long for her loved boy. But I anticipate.

Frank cantered along the hard, rocky road for some time. After a while, however, as if by mutual consent, he and Telegraph were satisfied to go at a slower pace. "Well, to-morrow night," thought he, "I must stop in Atlanta, and see little Lil; and then away to the bloody fields of Virginia! I will rank as major, if Ben Cross loses his leg, as Bradford writes me it is feared he will. Poor Ben! We were neighbors, friends, and comrades. I feel deeply for him. What evils these wretches have brought upon us! As I ride along this beautiful country and see on every hand evidences of wealth and comfort, the desolate wastes of Northern Virginia rise before my mind's eye, and indicate to me what horrors may yet be perpetrated upon our fair land. Will the invader's foot ever desecrate my lovely, peaceful, quiet home? The track of Sherman is marked with fire; and ruin and desolation attend his ruthless army at every step. The once lovely town of Jackson is now in ashes. Ah me! when will this bloody war cease? Shall we achieve our independence, or shall we be conquered?"

Indulging in this train of thought, Captain Barton was scarcely aware that he was so near to his place of destination. "Where are you going, Captain?" was asked of him at this moment. Ere he could recover his wandering thoughts, Phil Bradford grasped his hand, and shaking it warmly, said:

"No longer Captain now, however, but Major: and I have the sad task, Frank, of carrying Ben Cross's remains home. When the train leaves for Rome, I go with it. What were you thinking of, when I stopped you? You evidently were dreaming or thinking with such pain, as absent lovers feel, of bright eyes in Richmond."

"Oh! nonsense, Phil! I was just thinking of Cross. So, poor fellow! he is dead. I am truly sorry for his family. When are you going back to Virginia? I got your letter yesterday, and start to-morrow. If you will meet me in Atlanta three days hence, I am at your service."

Turning his horse up the Main street, Frank passed on with his friend, until he came to a large female college, in which his brother was a professor.

"Come in, Phil," said he, "and see Johnnie and his wife. They will be glad to see you."

"Thank you, Frank. But I have only time to return to the depot before the train starts for Rome."

Parting here our friends went different ways; Frank paying his visit, and returning alone to the dear old home, where the unselfish love of a mother kept eager watch for his coming.

"So, mother," cried Frank, as he caught sight of the glad face in the doorway, so ready with its welcome, "so, mother, here we are, Telegraph, Frank, Johnnie and wife. I persuaded Doctor Lee to give Johnnie a holiday, because I expected to leave home on the morrow; and, mother, with my usual success I carried the day. And now, madam, allow me to present the newly-fledged Major Barton," bowing low to her in mock deference.

"What am I to understand, sir? Are you trying to tease me, or what does possess you? Will you ever learn to be as dignified as your brother?"

"O most august lady! I am as serious as—as—well, as any thing you please. But do let's have supper; I am terribly hungry. Look at John's countenance. Don't you see by his long face that he is wofully hungry, too? Annie, I am sure, will agree with us in rejoicing over the arrival of something warm and pleasing to the taste. Where are our faithful retainers? Jack, urge Cook

and Butler and all the tribe to put us out of our pain."

Rattling on thus, Major Barton managed to keep up his sinking spirits, now carrying on a conversation with John and appearing serious for a few moments, and then dashing off to tease his mother or Annie.

CHAPTER II.

"Lil, who in the world is that handsome young Major, coming up to the house?" exclaimed a merry schoolgirl to her companion. As Lil looked up, she saw her "own dear Frank," as she lovingly called him. Books and pencils were thrown down in wild confusion, and, with a joyous cry, Lil was folded in a pair of strong, loving arms, and warm kisses were pressed on her ruby lips.

"Lil, you are pretty. Did you know it, little one?"

Thus the brother met his gentle little pet and only sister. Soon Lil was excused from recitation, and she and Frank were seated in the parlor of the institution, the well-regulated college in which Lil was a boarding scholar.

"When are you going back home, Frank, darling?" she asked.

"Back home? Why, Sis, didn't you get my telegram, saying I would be here to-day and see you before I went back to my regiment?" asked Frank, quite surprised.

"No, I haven't heard from any one but mamma *recently*—I mean, any one from home," said Lily, a bright blush suffusing her lovely face. "But, Frank, what do you mean by coming here and giving me a surprise: and, then, to come in a Major's uniform? I won't be put upon any longer. I am treated like a little child; and I am seventeen, I'll let you know," said the spoiled beauty, "Somebody wouldn't do me so. But, tell me, what made you mount a star, Frank?"

Her brother's face saddened, as he said:

"You would have known, had you got my telegram. In it I mentioned Ben Cross's death. Poor fellow! he was accidentally shot by an awkward man, who knew nothing about his gun. Ben refused to have the leg amputated, and preferred death to the loss of his limb, as it would have been necessary to amputate above the knee. I got the particulars from Phil Bradford."

Lil gave a start as Phil's name was mentioned.

"Phil Bradford in Georgia, Frank?" And then blushing deeply, she seemed covered with confusion.

"I wonder why my little sister takes so much interest in Lieutenant Bradford; and why does she blush and start when his name is mentioned? Ah lady bird! you have fallen in love with my Lieutenant, I see; and Phil has returned your affection, has he?"

Lily interrupted him by saying:

"Do, brother, stop; some one else is coming into the parlor."

The servant announced Lieutenant Bradford, to see Miss Barton. Poor little Lil, nearly overwhelmed with confusion, would have made her escape; but, held tight in her brother's arms, could not move. With an air of surprise, he said:

"Why, Lieutenant Bradford, I expected to meet you at the Central House, and here we meet at Dr. Gray's! Well, old friend, my little sis has made me suspect some love affair. I will give my consent to any thing you wish."

Phil grasped the hand of his friend warmly and said:

"I wanted to tell you yesterday, Frank; but you seemed so busy or preoccupied, that I concluded to wait until to-day. I have scarcely had time to breathe. Since I left you I went to Rome, rode back to Calhoun on horseback, and came down on the express which brought General Johnston from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

I was a fortunate man to catch the train."

Major Barton staid only a short while longer with his sister; and, promising to call again soon, he went down to his hotel and wrote to his mother, a duty he never omitted for a day, whenever it was possible to fulfill it.

The three days passed quickly by, and Lily parted from lover and brother with a sad heart. Weeping, she told each good-by with a lingering tenderness that seemed to presage sorrow. Her embraces were given as if to those whom we lay away in "God's Acre." Do coming events indeed cast their shadows before them? And was our darling Lily conscious of such a presentiment, as she threw her snowy arms around her brother's neck, and kissed him again and again? Time alone can tell.

When the door closed upon those loved forms, Lily wept long and passionately. In her journal, under date of the tenth of April, we find her writing thus:

"Phil and Frank left me to-day for Richmond. I can not keep back the falling tears. I feel as though I had given them up forever. My home seems steeped in woe. Mother sits there alone; and I, here, am more lonely still. A mighty tide of grief sweeps over me."

Poor little darling! grief came upon you early. You could ill brook the deep sorrow that burst upon your young head.

Mrs. Barton could scarcely believe what she saw, when she read the announcement of Lily's engagement. A faint perception of the truth broke upon her mind, as she continued reading her darling, blue-eyed pet's letter. "O my little wee lamb! I can not give you up! I thought my darling too young to think of love and marriage. I can not realize that Lily is nearly seventeen, as she says. 'She is no longer a child.' She is right; but oh! how hard it is for me to let her leave me for a place in the battle of life!"

The pet and idol of mother and brother had written freely to the fond being who had always sought to keep her little darling's confidence, telling of her engagement to Lieutenant Bradford, whom she knew her mother liked and respected, both for his own sake and because he was Frank's warm friend.

"I pray," pleaded she, "my mamma's blessing may rest on my love. O mamma dearest! say that you are not vexed with your little daughter for acting without your knowledge. Frank knew of it. You have known Phil from boyhood, mamma; and will you smile on me, and say, 'I freely give my consent to your engagement'? Be your own kind self, darling mamma, and make my happiness complete."

Lily pleaded with a certainty of success: her mother would not have thwarted a wish of her heart. The mother, pleased to know that her daughter had chosen so worthily and was so happy in her new-born emotion, but, with many a sad foreboding for the future, folded the letter and laid it away, determining to go down to Atlanta and bring Lil home for a few weeks. She missed the merry voice of her daughter, as she flitted like a bright bird from room to room, caroling gay snatches of song or bursting into gleeful laughter, ever and anon calling her mother to watch her as she bounded away with Jowler for a race on the lawn or down the avenue. Bright, laughing child! As her mother recalled these many scenes of the happy past, she sighed deeply. All was gone now. Lily would live for some one else. A pang, somewhat allied to jealousy, shot through her heart, but found no lasting lodgment in her pure breast; for Mrs. Barton was a truly noble woman of most estimable Christian character, and with her love was allied that highest attribute of a true affection, unselfishness.

Lily came down to gladden Woodlands for a few weeks—ere the dark blight fell upon her childhood's home which was to rob her heart of peace,

and turn her newly-found happiness into the trouble of a bitter suspense or the hardly keener agony of certain sorrow.

"Mamma," cried she one day, "can I go to the railroad to-day? I want to hear the news. Jack can ride behind me; and it is only two miles. Say I may go, lady mother!" pleaded the little syren. "Oh! yes, I'll go to the post-office. I know there's a letter from Frank."

"And from whom else, Lil? I imagine you would rather hear from Lieutenant Phil."

"Do stop teasing, mamma, and say I may go. Here, Jack," she cried, running to the window, "saddle Kate and old Brownie, and have them ready when I come down-stairs. Do you hear, Jack?"

"Now, wha' you gwine, Miss Lily? I spec' I got for go, too, and yer' I is, jis' is black is dat ole gobler dat stan' up yonder an' holler at me."

Away he went to divest himself of his home jacket and cap, and to brush up a little, as he "spected" he had to go with Miss Lily to the station.

In accordance with her order, the horses were soon at the door; and, with a light spring, she bounded into her saddle, and, kissing her hand to Mrs. Barton, cantered down the long avenue of cedars that reached from the house to the entrance gate. A fearless and graceful rider, she seldom failed to attract the admiring attention of the few boys at home whose fortune it was to view her equestrian performances. These all vied with each other in showing her that, though boys in years, they were possessed of as knightly a spirit as the fathers and brothers who were proving their gallantry on the field of battle. Lily was dressed to-day in a dark-gray riding-habit that became well her complexion and coloring. The soft, peachy bloom of her cheek, flushed into richer depth of hue by the exercise she was taking, gave to the delicate white of her other features a yet more snowy tint, which lit her bright blue eyes with a sunnier gleam, and bestowed upon her rosy lips a riper gloss than even they were wont to exhibit.

As she rode on, the May breeze swept her curls in rude play, and sportively cast her wealth of golden ringlets over her face.

"I am riding too fast," said she. "Jack will never in the world be able to keep up. I forgot poor old Brownie's shortcomings. He can't go as fast in his old age as my beauty Kate in her frolicsome youth. So, whoa, Kate! Let's wait awhile for your old friend to come up."

Many happy thoughts trooped through her mind as she paused thus under the fresh, green foliage, quietly waiting for Jack and Brownie. A few weeks ago her brother had ridden over the same road—and with what different emotions! Where was her brother now, and why had he not written? Was he sick, or was another battle going on? Phil had written that Meade was pressing Lee near the Rappahannock, and they expected to have a heavy battle soon.

"Come up, Kate," says she now, "yonder is old Brownie, jogging along as composedly as though he were not keeping Miss Barton and her black beauty waiting."

So saying, she lightly touched Katie's side with her fairy little whip, and dashed away to the depot.

"Just hin time, Mith Lily!" shouted a merry little boy of six years. "The train ith coming up the hill. Quick! Let me hold Katie for you."

Lily dismounted, and walked toward the train with her little friend.

"Now, Jimmie, run and ask Mr. Young if there is any news from Virginia. I am coming on, too."

She soon heard the conductor saying, in reply to her message:

"Yes, tell Miss Barton, I want to see her, I have a letter for the Rev. John Barton."

Lily stepped forward and took it from him.

"Thank you, Mr. Young. Any news from Virginia?"

"Sad news, Miss Barton. We

have had another bloody fight. Lee has whipped the rascals; but, O my God! We have suffered awfully! The Fifty-second has fought gallantly, and suffered heavily. Here is the day's Intelligencer."

Speaking as if in a dream, Lily turned to Jack and said:

"Go and bring Kate for me; I am going to see brother John at the college."

Poor little darling! a storm was soon to burst in wild fury over her young head. She went to the college, and having delivered the letter to her brother, she sat down to read the news given by the paper. A wild shriek burst from her lips and caused Mr. Barton to look up. Hastily crossing the room, he reached Lily in time to catch her fainting form. O God, poor child! Frank was mortally wounded—Phil was missing—it was feared, killed. Mr. Barton uttered a deep groan, and bore his fainting sister to the room occupied by himself and wife as a sitting-room.

"Annie," said he, "sad news awaits you. Be prepared, dear wife. Our family has lost its brightest jewel. Frank was mortally wounded at Chancellorsville last Friday. O my mother! My poor mother!"

Soon Lily recovered sufficiently to ask for her mother.

"Do take me home to mamma."

A bitter flood of tears rained down her cheeks. "O my brother, my brother!" cried she.

Soon John Barton carried her home to her mother, who was by this time full of anxiety, as the hour for her return had long passed, and she feared some accident had occurred to her child. Confusion now reigned at Woodlands. Mrs. Barton fell into a series of fainting-fits; and one moment of consciousness was succeeded by hours of insensibility. Poor Lil! Her voice had lost its joyous ring; and her light buoyant step failed and lagged, as she forced herself from room to room. Those haunting words, "Lieutenant Bradford, commanding company D, missing, supposed killed; Major Barton, mortally wounded," rang ever in her ears.

"Jack," said she at last, "go to the post-office; may be some tidings may reach us of Frank or Phil," murmuring these last words to herself, as she clung desperately to the very shadow of hope.

Jack hurried off, and soon returned with a bundle in his hand.

"Miss Lily, yer' some letters an' papers. Mr. Long say Mass Frank is better, an' eberyting may be right yet. Cheer up, Missis! Hope for de bes'!"

Lily eagerly read the latest telegram from Colonel C——:

"DEAR MADAM: Your son is better, and not mortally wounded, as at first supposed. Hopes are entertained of his recovery. He is dangerously wounded. I am with him. I will dispatch you daily. Yours,

"H. C——."

"Mamma, O mamma! Look up at me, listen to me, darling mother. Here is Colonel C——'s message. He tells us about our darling, mamma; he is not dead. O my Father in heaven! is my mother dead, too?"

Broken-hearted, almost dying, Mrs. Barton faintly heard the words of Lily. They seemed to come from a great distance. "Frank is not dead." Memory tries to resume her sway. But the truth was too much to be taken in at once. A faint motion answered Lily's anguished cry; and then, slowly opening her eyes, she said: "What is it, my child? Where am I?"

"Mamma, look at me. Frank is living! He is wounded, but doing well."

In that hour of trial, the clinging, dependent child became the stay and support of her heart-broken parent. Her father had died ere she could lisp the name papa. Troubles had gathered thickly around Mrs. Barton's pathway in life. Four lovely children lay sleeping in the village churchyard; and the husband of her youth had met with a sudden

and awful death. Now her best-loved son lay dying away from home, in a strange land, with such scanty comforts around him as the sick soldier can obtain at the hands of strange nurses and hospital stewards. However, there is one cheering thought. Her boy still lives, and will come home, when well enough to travel. He will, it is true, be disabled, as a second telegram from Colonel C—— informs them. He had lost the right leg, this despatch announced, "amputated six inches above the knee." Better that than death. Poor little Lily nobly bore her own heart's woe. No tears escaped from her, in her mother's presence. But who can tell the agony that wrung her soul, as day after day passed, and no tidings of her lover came? Better confirmation of her doubts than this dreadful suspense.

God in heaven send her peace and resignation to his will, in the midst of this bitter trial!

(To be continued.)

HISTORY IN WORDS.

A GREAT many persons pass through the world without seeing what is immediately before them. They need to have their attention called to matters that have always been before their eyes, yet unseen, but which they might have known, if they had noticed. Hence so often when something new is communicated to us, it seems as if we had known it before.

Men will travel through a country and see not the soil, the peculiar kinds of trees, the rocks and minerals before their eyes, and can give no account of them. We were, a few years ago, at the house of a man in an adjoining county, who had lived many year sat the place, and had children grown, and in a few hours, passing over his farm, we called his attention to certain minerals scattered all about, of a regular shape and crystalline form, which he had never noticed. Some of them were lying near his gate. He had probably passed over them fifty years, and yet had never observed any thing peculiar about them till his attention was directed that way.

So it is with the Bible. Man reads it over, the eye runs over the words, the ear is accustomed to the sound, but the meaning which another person derives from them they know nothing about, and yet they suppose they understand what they read. They must have their attention directed to certain points, and informed of what, at first view, it might be supposed they knew already, or might easily discover for themselves, and when informed they are astonished at their ignorance.

How many thousands read the passage Acts 16 : 10 without noticing the change in the narration from the third to the first person, and the important inference to be drawn from it; that the writer, Luke, fell in company with Paul at this point and went on with him. "And after *he* had seen the vision, immediately *we* endeavored to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called *us* for to preach the Gospel unto them."

So it is with language, words used continually, current coin in the intercourse of life. The great mass of men employ words which they have learned from infancy, and because other people use them. They do not stop to analyze them, or to think what they really mean, and how they came to express what they do. They use a multitude of words and phrases of which they know not the exact meaning.

And it has occurred to us that it would not be uninteresting or unprofitable to call attention to the variety and the multitude of terms furnished by our language, and in common use to denote the active agents in the various trades, employments, profes-

sions and relations of life. There are several terminations of words assigned for this purpose. Some of the terms are native and some are foreign. In some cases we have borrowed a word and dropped the ending: as scrib-a, coq-uus, cleric-us, scribe, cook, clerk; or we retain the termination—as agent, attendant; but it would seem that most of them must contain *one* or *all* the letters r, s, t, with some one of the vowels, but more often e or o. And sometimes we add *man* at the end of the word.

There seems to be a tendency to make the union vowel agree with the radical vowel of the word, as doctor, augur, vulture, warrior, venderer. And often this is much more the case to the *ear* than to the *eye*, for with our obscure unaccented vowels we can hardly distinguish ar, er, ir, or, ur. Liar, one who tells a falsehood, and lier, one that lies down, can with difficulty be distinguished. The historians speak of the Inquisition as "the tribunal with all its tremendous apparatus of famili*ars*, inquisit*ors* and execution*ers*." It is perhaps this tendency to assimilation that caused master to be sounded as if mister, and women as if wimin. In some cases it seems to be a matter of indifference on which side of the r the e is placed. Centre or center, and lyre or lier, tier or tire sound alike.

The ending with r and some union vowel is found very extensively in the world to denote the agent or doer of what its verbal root, if it has any, means; and probably at first it meant the same as our word *man* that we use in the same way, as work, to work, worker, wright, workman. In Latin vir in vir-ago, vir-ility; in Sanscrit, vir-ah is hero; in Greek, ar-es, an-er a man; so, in Anglo-Saxon, wer is a man, and hence weregild is the composition for homicide. Er in German is the masculine personal pronoun. We find it in the Turkish viz-ier; in Zoroast-er, shaster, in Hindoostan. In ancient European proper names, Teucht-eri, Bructeri, Angviv-arii, Ar-morican. Canterbury was originally Cant-wara-burh. These are only specimens: and so we find Het-man among the Cossacks, Her-man in Germany, together with Alle-man-ni, Marco-man-ni, etc. And it is astonishing to see the same termination with the same meaning traveling round the world. And if we need a new term in the progress of society we easily form one. Geology is a recent science, and we have geologian, geologer, geologist. So magnetizer, telegraphist, mesmerist, daguerreotypist, photographer. We have on the railroad the conductor, engineer, brakeman, fireman, tender, etc. We have artist, artisan, artificer; arbiter, arbitrator; attender, attendant; alder-man in a city but elder in a church; baker, baxter, (bakester;) bar, barrier, barrister, bar-tender; bearer, burder, (Latin, burdo is a mule,) burdener. Boat-man, boat-swain, no boater, but rower and oars-man; brewer, brewster; breaker, brake-man, broker; bander, binder, bender, bounder, but no bonder, apparently because of bondman, bondsman, bound-man or boy, an apprentice; and it may be thought strange our ancestors did not have a bundler. A chandler makes candles, and the chandelier (Latin, candelabra) holds them when burnt. Commissary, committer, commissioner. Cooper apparently should be hooper, as that mechanic does not make *coops* but hoops, and probably the proper name Hooper had this origin. A drinker keeps drinking, but not so hard as the drunkard. A driver of a drove does not necessarily own it, but the drover. A daysman may be a deemster or a doomsman. A drawer may draw or be drawn and so a drawee, but not a draughtsman. A feeder is a fosterer (food-sterer) or a fodderer, and possibly he is a *father* or a fattener. We may have a firer, or a fireman, or an incendiary; or a fire-eater, such as the historian says is a regular descendant of the old northern Berserkers, who swallowed live coals. We have voglers, fowlers, bird-catchers, and bird-men. We have fisher, fish-man, and, which is

singular, both in one, fish-er-man, as well as his fish-woman and fish-wife. Gamble, gamesters, and gamblers are among us. Hawkers and hucksters and hookers yet exist. Our ancestors had much to do with herds of various kinds, and their wives and daughters helped them in the business, for they had a herder and a herdess, herd-man, herdsman, herd-groom; cow-boy, cow-herd, hog-herd, swine-herd, goat-herd, shepherd; but the women had the care of the sheep only, and doubtless there were among some of our female ancestors in England, Scotland, France, Germany, or wherever they came from, as beautiful shepherdesses as Rachel who kept her father's sheep in Padan Aram. They did not keep herds of mules or asses in their days, we infer. But we find horsemen, and chevaliers, and cavaliers and cavalry, and the age of chivalry, and since that dragooners. Host and hostess, hoteler and hotel-keeper survive. Hunter, huntress, sportsman.

We use halters and holders; we have upholders, upholsters, and upholsterers. Hangers and hangmen are on hand when needed. Heirs and inheritors and legatees take property by descent, from kindred and kinsmen; and they make business for lawers, lawyers and lawmen. And so we might go on to speak of the great civilizer of modern times, soap, and mention the launders, launderers, laundresses, the washer-women, so useful in these days when we do not know of any washer-men; though it is strange that we do sometimes have a man-milliner; and we suppose it is because some part of the trade is too arduous for females, for milliners seem to be otherwise exclusively of the feminine gender. Murderers and murderesses both commit murder, but if the object of the hate of either be a *woman*, it is just as much man-slaughter as if one of the other sex were killed; and the guilty party is not a slaughter-man, nor slaughterer, nor butcher. There were formerly, when beer was a common drink, malt-men and maltsters. A merchant-man is not, as we might suppose, a man at all, but a female that sails on the ocean; but *she* has changed her sex since the days of the potent King James, when (Matthew 13:45) "a merchantman (was) seeking goodly pearls." He was then a trader, store-keeper, shopman, or peddler. Messengers, messagers, commissioners, and missionaries are often sent for one purpose or another. The cow that is a good milker gives milk in great quantity when the milk-maid is a good milker to get it, and her father, the milk-man, or her mother, the milk-woman, carries it to market and sells it.

We do not regard the muleteer and the mule-driver as the same: the former seems to be the one who keeps, owns and lets out mules, (and so the dictionaries define the Latin mulio;) but from the habit of the owner in driving his own team the two terms came to mean the same thing.

Monitor and monster both ad*mon*-ish us, but in different ways. A ready payer of wages is a good pay-master. Practisants, practisers, practitioners, whether of law, or of dentistry, or medicine, they continue their business without interruption; and the latter are aided by the druggers, or drugsters, or druggists. Trenchers are not only wooden plates, but officiate as diggers and ditchers. The recorder keeps a register. Sellers act as venders, or salesmen, but no saleswomen had a hand in the work formerly: they were, however, spinners and spinsters, and laid hold of the distaff.

Speakers, speech-makers, and spokes-men (no spokes-women) as well, though the latter, from the imperfect tense of the verb, is an uncommon case. Singer, it is said, once had his help-meet, singress; but she has departed and sent a songstress to keep company with her mates, the songsters of the groves, as well as of our choirs: and no doubt they make just as good music as Solomon's, "men singers and women singers," or the "two hundred and forty-five singing men and

singing women" that Nehemiah had. If a man *says* any thing, he is not a *sayer* of it, unless a sooth-sayer; and there are more women diviners than men: though it may be doubted whether the days of witches and wizards are past.

From smithery it would seem that there ought once to have been a smither as well as a smiter. Perhaps the *th* in smith is the same as *t* in poet, *th* in death; *ht* in wright, a workman; *th* in Kohel-eth in Hebrew, a preacher.

But we can dispense with smither, as we have so extensive a family of smiths, both white and black; and they have a good deal to do with *iron*, both as forgers, founders, mongers, masters, and artificers in it. They deal in gold, too, as gilders and gold beaters; silversmiths, braziers, brass-founders, plumbers, pewterers, tinners, tinmen, are all useful; stannaters have not migrated to this country. And some of the more recent metals are too young to have a special workman; and must depend upon the metallurgist. Zinc, however, has found an engraver with the euphonious title of zincographer. Perhaps the original idea was to have a smith for each of those metals that were beaten out into plates by hammering, as gold, silver, brass, copper, iron. But then lead and tin would be deficient. A striker often accompanies a smith, and also a strokesman; and they would hit much harder than a stroker, though very nearly related.

Our forefathers not only kept cattle and wrought the metals, etc., but they were shippers, ship-men, shipmasters, sailors, seamen, seafaring men, seafarers, mariners, etc. Seamsters and seamstresses help the tailors to make our clothing. Travelers and wayfarers visit the taverners and tavern-keepers, and call upon the tavern-men; but the highwaymen do not. Thrower and throwster; watch, watchman, watcher, wakeman; wheeler, wheel-wright; wagoner, who drives, and wagon wright who makes wagons, are all important. So are whipper and whipster; web, webber, webster and weaver. The white man has whitener, whiter, whitster; but in this country we need one word here, for the present generation has gone beyond the former ones; and this side of the Atlantic we need a *whittler*. Our youngsters in their youth are proficients in the art, and practice it after they cease to be yonkers.

We have in our workshops foremen, bosses, overseers, master-workmen, superintendents, etc. We have physicists, physician, physiologist; star-gazers, astrologers, and astronomers. The clergyman (clerk-man) stands in the pulpit and preaches, while often in this country the clerk sits below and leads the music. No doubt many surnames originated in denominating men from their trade or profession. And some of these terms have thus been perpetuated which otherwise have fallen away, and are not found in ordinary dictionaries; Burder, Webster, Brewster, Baxter (bake-ster), Hooper, etc., and since the Norman conquest we need a dictionary to give us the meaning and origin of surnames; it would show that some who hold their heads very high came from a source about the same as Adam and the rest of us. At first we might have supposed that *man* would come in to avoid the inharmonious recurrence of er, as in pewterer, venderer, upholsterer, murderer, but such is not the fact, and the two have come in from different sources, or have originally existed side by side. And in some cases we see both in the same word to give it greater intensity or to distinguish the gender more fully; fish-er-man, washer-woman, man-milliner, man-midwife. At first view, and from what we are accustomed to in the classical languages, we should regard *er* as distinctively masculine, but then often it means an agent or actor, as heater, keeper, where sex does not come into view; and if we have genitor and genetrix, songster and songstress, we have also father, mother, brother, sister, heifer, (pater, mater, frater, soror, mulier, etc.) In milli-

ner and spinster it seems to have been exclusively given to females.

As to *s* and *st*, when they come between the root of a word and the ending, as in spin-st-er, song-st-er-ess, spokes-man, several observations may be made.

1. They are mere euphonic union sounds, to connect the termination to the root, as we have so often in the case endings in Latin and Greek, and in the personal endings of verbs. When from deficiency of derivation we make a new term by composition, as rail-road, locomotive, and the parts do not readily coalesce, we naturally aid the voice by inserting a sound between; we see it probably in such words, as jack-a-napes, mount-e-bank, man-ni-kin, harps-i-chord, night-in-gale, hand-i-craftsman : so in the Bible, Ab-i-melek.

But they seem to have traveled along from the East with our language and the kindred ones; apparently it is in Zoroa-st-er, and in shaster; claustrum, Latin, our cloister; in Greek in Homer's day causteer, our caustic, burner, etc. And though as Horace says, great Homer sometimes sleeps, we think he knew how to use his own language; and that with a multitude of words in -ster before his eyes in perhaps his *twenty* languages, the great English lexicographer, though generally so trustworthy, must have been nodding when he derived this termination in spinster, from the word *steer*.

This is almost equal to Cicero's derivation of *fides*, faith, from fio, to be made or done. But the poet admits that slumber may creep over a man in a long work.

When *s* alone, however, is inserted, it may at least sometimes be regarded in the light above mentioned, and perhaps in such words as craft-s-man; and we think it will be found that this letter always comes between consonant sounds.

2. They may be considered as intensive *double terminations*, just as in fish-er-man. We have *t* as in poet; *th* in smith; *ist*, as druggist, pugilist: *er* in heater: now we want to make a strong term, and we will put two or three of these together, spin-ner, but spin-st-er; drugg-er, druggist, but drug-gist-er, drug-ster by contraction. So in some words we have a double plural ending, as in childer, as many old women say in the up-country of Carolina, which is a plural; and then we add -en, as in oxen, childer-en=children. Perhaps something of this kind has taken place in brethren.

3. In some cases, the *s* at the end of the first part of the compound may be regarded as a plural sign, to generalize the word.

It is said that the plural is used for the singular when a thing is *generally* spoken of. It denotes what agent does not on one particular occasion, but repetition, custom, habit: Bill-yards, spokes-man, steers-man, craftsman, etc. We probably see the same thing in bitters, greens, salts; sharps, blunts, betweens, spoken of kinds of needles: so we say of *one pair* of shoes, "they are rights and lefts." So when an individual name becomes a surname (literally, over-name) and covers many individuals, we somehow feel the necessity of adding an *s* to it, especially if it is a short one. Thus John John, Peter Peter, Andrew Andrew would not do; we should unconsciously feel the incongruity; we feel that there is something wrong about it, but John Johns, Peter Peters, Andrew Andrews, pass us by without notice. Possibly, however, in some cases, the *s* may be a remnant of the word son, corresponding to the prefix O, Mac, Fitz, Ap, etc., as Richards, Richardson, Pritchard, (=ap-Richard,) and MacRichard, if there were such a name would all be the same. We once knew a family called in the community Parsons; but in old books in their house of one or two generations back the name was Pierson, and this we take to be Peterson, and perhaps MacPheeters: but somehow by not only contracting the first part, but then changing the diphthong, it was felt needful to add the *s* to the end by way of compensation, or robbing

Peter to pay Paul. So Peters, Pierson, Peterson, MacPheeters, and Parsons may all be the same. The idea we speak of now may be illustrated from the word spokes-man; which is formed not from the present, nor from the perfect participle, but from the imperfect tense; and perhaps from the same idea once accompanying that tense, of frequency of action as in Latin and Greek. The word is found only once in the Bible, Ex. 4 : 16. When Moses was commissioned to go into Egypt, he complained that he could not speak in public; that part of his education had been neglected at the court of Pharaoh; he was, as he said, "heavy of mouth, and heavy of tongue," and he had the promise that Aaron should be his spokesman. But in the original, this is not a *noun*, but a verb, in the conjugation that indicates frequency of action, like dictito in Latin: "he shall speak habitually for thee." So marksman. And as in many of these cases in many languages the repetition of a syllable in a word accomplishes the same as this *s* at the end, the same may be the case with some of these terms, as practitioner, one who keeps practising medicine, as compared with practiser, which we would regard as long enough. The same thing in amount is seen in the daily papers, in the abbreviations, bbls., pps., for barrels and pages.

4. Some of this class of words may be regarded as genitives, either singular or plural, and equivalent to attributive adjectives which they seem to be without the s, but sometimes with a very different meaning. Bond-man, and bondsman are both under bonds, and so is boundman, but all in different senses. A slave is the first, one who gives bail is the second, and an apprentice is the third. Townsmen may be town's-men, from the same town; or towns'-men, from different towns; or town-men, citizens, may be opposed to country-men, rustics. This will not hold where the nouns are not formed by composition with other nouns, but directly from the verb, which has no such noun; as we saw just now in spokesman; there is no noun steer in that sense, but steerer and steersman. We have breaker from the present tense, broker from the imperfect, and from the same, brakeman. So drive, driver; drove, drover; but we use drove as a noun, but not broke; seller, sales-man.

We see the thoughts and sentiments of men reflected from their daily speech, as well as in the solid monuments of brass or granite or marble. Their pursuits, employments, and habits, too, are manifest. While in Egypt and in parts of the East, spinning and weaving was, in ancient times, assigned exclusively to men; on the other hand, our Saxon, Celtic, and Norman ancestors do not seem to think that men can engage in this. Worcester, at the word woman, says, "Man is a general term to include each sex, and in Anglo-Saxon, the specific name wif-man is given to the female from her employment at the woof, (A. S., weft, wefan,) and wæp-man to the male, from his occupation in weapons of war." Marsh, in his "Lectures on the English Language," informs us that in the northern languages of Europe, in the line of descent, sword-side and spindle-side stand for father's and mother's side. In the will of Alfred, spear-side and spindle-side are used in the same way; and the Salic law in France, excluding females from the throne, says: "The crown does not descend to the distaff."

In the Bible, especially in Prov. 31 : 13, 19, we find these employments the province of women. We have seen that milliner and spinster are peculiarly feminine.

Coleridge says that "there are cases in which more knowledge and of more value may be conveyed by the history of a word, than by the history of a campaign."

And some one remarks that "a good dictionary is the best metaphysical treatise." Why should there be so great difference between courtier, "one who frequents the courts of princes," and its corresponding

"courtesan;" and how came the latter to have the bad odor attached to it but from the fact that for ages, the courts of England and France—of the Jameses, and the Charleses, and the Georges, of Louis XIV., and of Louis XV.—etc., were scenes of debauchery, corruption, and impurity; and appropriate places to make and to keep all such vile characters as specially "*belonging to the court*," and nowhere else; as Bailey in his dictionary defines the word?

We have plough-men, and plough-boy, but not plough-woman and plough-girl. We have neat-herd, (cattle in general,) cow-herd, swine-herd, goat-herd, herds-men; but so far as language shows, the women attended to the sheep only, for we have shepherds and shepherdesses. And when the cattle and sheep came up at night, the shepherdess became milk-maid, and brought out her pail. We have a singular metamorphosis in the word master, (Latin, magister,) whereby it becomes mister; Mr. John Smith is master of his trade; in relation to his "*boys*" he is no longer master; and they have become their own masters, and misters in relation to others; while little John Smith, Jr., is master John Smith; and his mother, Mrs. John Smith, is mistress of her own family, and not of any outside of it. Where Mr. John Smith is master, just so far Mistress John Smith is mistress.

The *a* here got into i, probably from being used simply as a prefix to the proper name; on account of the stress of voice hastening on to strike the name to sound that, as we continually shorten the vowel in the first part of a compound. Thus, not sheep-herd, but shepherd; ball-yards is bill-yards; cat, kitten; wide, width; goose, gosling; hawker, huckster; Saint-Clair, Sinclair, or Sincler; Saint John, Sinjon.

It may be said that we "have been at a great feast of languages, and have stolen the scraps, or that we have lived in the alms-basket of words;" that this is laborious trifling; and that it "can be proved to our faces that we have men about us that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian can hear." But God attends to little things when he numbers the hairs of our heads, and when he forms insects perfect organisms, of which 500,000,000 can find sea-room in a drop of water; and when he forms the tiniest flower as well as the mightiest globe, or the highest archangel. From the least things the greatest often originate. Men of the greatest intellects are most attentive to minutiæ, and show their greatness in details. The addition or subtraction of a syllable, of a comma, of the letter s in a will, a deed or other document, where life or property is concerned, might hang a man, or deprive him of any amount of money; it might alter the value of an inheritance by millions. And not only so, we apprehend error in theology may be taught. Terms have their distinctive meaning fixed by usage. In Heb. 7 : 22, Christ is called our surety, bondsman, sponsor. Now, some persons put the word *bondman* there instead of *bondsman;* but bondman is a slave—with the s and without the s, they are different words with the same generic idea, and must not be confounded. Not only the English dictionaries keep them wide apart, but the Eng.-Latin gives for bond-man, servus, mancipium, a slave, one taken captive in war. But it gives for bondsman, vas, praes, sponsor, satisdator, one bound for another, one that gives bail. Hence, some recent writers, who interchanged these words are in an error. And so great a work as The Life of Paul, by Conybeare and Howson, in several cases in the introduction to his epistles, makes the great apostle to the gentiles call himself, "Paul, a bondsman of God;" but in the proper sense of that word He does not need, and can not have a bondsman, but a servant or slave.

We see everywhere in language, the illustration and confirmation of the truth of the Bible with regard to the

origin of the human race. Man comes first, and woman follows. The terms conform to the original model and exemplar. The first man was *ish*, (from which perhaps came, vis, vir, er, etc.) and the first woman was named by *ish*, from himself, by adding a distinctive letter, *ish-a;* and from this no doubt has come ess, as in poetess; lad-ladess, lass. So in Latin, vir, vir-a (as in vir-ago;) ille, illa, he, she: ho-men-is, fœ-min-a; as if heman, sheman, man, woman, the counterpart of man; reg-s, reg-ina; king, queen; basileus, basilissa; male, female; the Hebrew has ish-on—mannikin, Latin, ho-munculus, diminutive of man. The Sanscrit too has isha, master, ishi mistress. Latin caius, caia is similar, and dominus, domina. Czar, czarina, in Russia. And in the same way we have a great number of words that *add* the feminine termination to the masculine to denote the female. In abbot, abbess, it seems to be otherwise, but ab, abba, father is the root. Actor, actress; baron, baroness; Jew, Jewess; negro, negress; but mulatto does not seem to need any. Lion, lioness; songster, songstress; and it is said that singer once had singeress. Hero, heroine, but in Greek, heroissa. Prince, princess, in Hindostan, rajah, rajni, corresponding to rex, regina. And we have no doubt but that if we could get at the origin of the words, our King and Queen would correspond. The former may be compared with the oriental Khan, and the latter with Sanscrit Kanya. There are cases where the words for the male and the counterpart female are independent of each other, but in general it is just as it was at the beginning, when the woman was made after the man and for him; so the terms for female are after those for the opposite sex, and founded on them. This does not necessarily imply inferiority, for, as Milton says, "What God after better, worse would build?" "The wife shines with her husband's lustre."

We see that this composite character of our language renders it more copious, and more exact. Very few terms are exactly synonymous; each acquires at length its own meaning and retains it. They give us the opportunity to diversify style and expression. A historian says of a certain country: "The inhabitants are tribes of hunters, herdsmen, and agriculturists; united by their common worship of Ammon, and commercial relations." He might have said, "huntsmen, herdsmen, and husbandmen," or, "hunters, graziers, and farmers"—or "men who live by the chase, raise cattle, and till the soil." So the historians employ, in reference to those conquering races in the middle ages, from the north of Europe, the terms, Scandinavians, Northerners, Norsemen, Northmen; or they make a regular plural Normans.

Prof. E. F. R.

REVIEW OF "ROMOLA."

It is always pleasant to recur to that region of romance—fair Italy. That it was so to the great masters of English fiction from age to age, and so continues to be, is a fact well known to the reader. From the days when Chaucer roamed through the pleasant land of Lombardy, and, lingering long in the society of the great Florentine, gleaned from his lips sweet tales to transfer to his own unlettered land, where, clothed in the garb of English song, they won for him undying fame, English poets and English novelists have delighted in seeking these classic haunts. Classic they are in a double sense; for, not only Ennius and Virgil, Catullus and Horace and Ovid, have breathed their sweetness over them, but Dante, Petrarca, and Tasso, Ariosto, Boiardo, and Filicaia have touched the lyre to wondrous melodies beneath the same soft skies

— skies whose beauty has survived so much of proud and fair that has long since gone to decadence. If that favored land could boast in the days of its ancient state a literature that reflected, and could nobly reflect, the high excellence of that which glorious Greece had produced, it could also boast in after days, when all Europe else was sunk in barbarism, historians, poets, philosophers, and novelists, whose names are still bright stars shining through the darkness of ages. It possesses as well the age of the Medici and of Leo X., as that of the dying republic of Rome and that of Augustus. The mantle worn by Sallust, by Livy, and by Tacitus, remaining through many decades of starved and scant-robed lore unworn, adorned at last the shoulders of Macchiavelli, of Guicciardini, of Villani, and of Botta. Through all time Italy has been famous as a literary land; and, even in the domain of pure fiction—so modern an art in its present form, that England, Germany, and France claim to be almost alone in its successful cultivation—she does not want illustrious examples of excellence. With Boccaccio as the great originator, and Manzoni as the triumphant perfecter, she may show a long line of beautiful and tasteful contributions to the great store-house of fiction, which worthily vindicate her claim to the appreciative homage of those who love and honor genius in this department of literature.

Possessed of such a connected chain of intellectual trophies; bearing in her bosom the ruins of the mighty monuments of her by-gone power — sad witnesses to a glory overthrown; linked as her history is with the destinies of those nations who most fitly represent the progressive portion of the human race; blessed with a lovely sky and a delicious climate, with enchanting scenery and a picturesque peasantry, no wonder that beautiful Italy should be sought by our great artists in every department in which the efforts of genius take rank, as classic ground and fit scene for muse-inspired labor.

Impelled by this instinctive impulse, the author of those deservedly admired works, "Adam Bede," and "Mill on the Floss," has been led by the gentle beck of imagination into fair Florence, there to witness and to gather into memory's cells the incidents of that sad story which she (for "George Eliot" is universally believed to be a lady) tells so well.

The poem to "Romola" is a glowing strain of reminiscence, recurring in lofty diction and picturesque coloring to the glorious past of Florence; and is deeply imbued with the spirit of philosophic poetry. The scene of the tale is laid in the fifteenth century, just after the death of Lorenzo de' Medici, surnamed the Magnificent. We will not pursue the thread of the narrative, as the interest of the story is of too painful a nature to be needlessly obtruded upon our readers; but will rest content with brief allusions to the characters introduced. The heroine, first, by all the rules of gallantry, must be presented to the public, though the author takes an opposite course, and begins with the adventures of the hero. The lovely Romola, with radiant hair of the true golden tint, and that delicate ripple which lends such beauty to maidens' tresses, of stately form, queenly mien, and resolute soul, is a young lady, proud and reserved by nature, innocent of all knowledge of the outer world through the cloistered seclusion in which she has passed her youth alone with her father, but versed in no scant measure in that ancient learning which she has drunk in at her father's side from earliest years.

That father, Bardo de' Bardi, the poor, blind old scholar, who mournfully regrets the fame he has toiled so many years to win, and which he fears has slipped away from him irretrievably, is a fine picture, worthy to be put on canvas by one of the old masters. He loves his daughter very dearly, and she in her turn is devoted to him. But, as soon as she

beholds the handsome stranger, a new and utterly different kind of love enters her heart and possesses it; and Tito Melema soon wins her to consent to become his bride. The first love-scene between Tito and Romola is very brief and very beautiful. The simple "I love you" is almost all that is said; and it is so frankly and tenderly said on both sides, that hardly any thing can be more pleasant, hardly any thing could be more sweetly told. Such calm and serene happiness it is a joy merely to witness; and it fills the bosom of the reader with a silent gush of emotion very pleasant to experience. That old tale of love is ever fresh to the human heart. Ever anew the warm thrill of sympathy vibrates in accord with its swell of gladness. But our sense of pleasure in this union of young hearts makes our indignation all the greater, when we see this union destroyed and this happiness marred forever. Here, however, the innate rectitude of Romola's character is well brought out. When she discovers the cold and calculating spirit of her husband, her heart, full of fervid and impassioned sentiments of faith and honor, which are the very life of her being, shrinks from him as convicted of faithlessness and treachery. She scorns him for his heartless duplicity and spirit of selfish intrigue, and becomes miserable from the necessity which associates her with one whom she has learned to loathe and despise. This character—that, we mean, of her husband, Tito Melema—is ably conceived. An Apulian of Greek extraction, he is learned, handsome, gentle, and courteous, every thing that seems noble, and is capable of leading a very virtuous life, if not tempted by the needs of an eminently selfish nature. But, tempted, he falls into one mean and ungrateful act of subservience to his personal gratification, and from that time he progresses in evil, until he gradually becomes vicious to the core. His love of reticence, a discreet trait not generally characteristic of heroes depicted in fiction, is from the first an indication of the cautious, diplomatic nature, ever watchful for the security of one's own interests, which, indulged in to excess, must tend to increase the growth of selfishness. This, indeed, he fosters day by day, and encourages by one sacrifice after another of truth and honor. Gifted with a talent for profound dissimulation, all the unscrupulous facility in intrigue, all the passionless policy and supple art, which have deen imputed to Niccolò Macchiavelli, are his. In fine, the attributes of a gifted diplomatist are ascribed to him, as the endowment of nature, while circumstance and temptation ripen him at last into an arch-traitor. But through all his guilty career he carries the curse of crime with him. Brilliant in youthful beauty, learning, courtesy, and skillful policy, but false and heartless, he is haunted by fear; and all the pleasures won by his wonderful ability bear with them the poison of coming retribution. Romola's tale to the boy Lillo, at the end of the book, puts Tito's sad and shameful history into the best and most forcible words; and to quote them is to give the most concise account of the moral aim of this work.

"There was a man," she says, "to whom I was very near, so that I could see a great deal of his life, who made almost every one fond of him, for he was young and clever and beautiful, and his manners to all were gentle and kind. I believe, when I first knew him, he never thought of doing any thing cruel or base. But, because he tried to slip away from every thing that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing else so much as his own safety, he came at last to commit some of the basest deeds—such as make men infamous. He denied his father, and left him to misery; he betrayed every trust that was reposed in him, that he might keep himself safe and get rich and prosperous. Yet calamity overtook him."

The minor fictitious characters are also well drawn. The grim and cyn-

ical painter, Piero di Cosimo, who has such keen insight through men's faces into their hearts, is a fine sketch of a crusty old bachelor with a true heart under his rough exterior; and we commend him to the favorable attention of those benighted beings who claim affiliation with him in his lonely lot.

The witty barber, Nello, of mercurial temperament and easy good-nature, is admirably sketched; and we should like to have witnessed the specimen he gave of a Florentine joke. Nello is tinctured with some share of erudition, and boasts a shop frequented by the master-spirits of the age. He is a philosopher, and sports a theory, in which he reposes unshaken faith, that the shaving of the chin enhances, in a wondrous degree, the mind's subtle apperception of truths, and quickens all the faculties into fresher vitality and unwonted vigor.

Two characters, very unlike each other, but both conveying to the reader a gratifying sense of their perfect *naturalness*, are those of pretty little Tessa, the peasant-girl, who likes Tito's kisses so well, and is so simple in her frank admiration of his handsome face; and poor Monna Brigida, whose garrulous and worldly gay widow's talk is so rich a treat, that we feel sincerely sorry for her, when, transformed into a Piagnone, (or "Methody,") she is stripped of all her fineries, and frightened so reluctantly into turning her back on the pleasures of the world.

The vengeful nature of the Southern Italian is well depicted in the person of Baldassarre Calvo, after Tito had committed the ingratitude, first, of failing to attempt his ransom, and then, of disowning and refusing to recognize him, when he returned to Italy in wretchedness and a prisoner.

Among the great characters of the age introduced, is that sardonic wit, astute politician, and elegant writer, Niccolò Macchiavelli, whose wise apophthegms have not availed to rescue him from the evil character ascribed to him by popular opinion, even to this day, of being the great master of that wicked craft, which the satanic Cæsar Borgia practiced with such success.

Another figure, which moves to the foreground and becomes instinct with life under the plastic touch of the artist's hand, is that of the enthusiast, Savonarola, the fervid and impassioned preacher of monastic reform and popular revival of religious zeal, who passed through so singular a career and attained such extraordinary power in those days of half-pagan civilization.

This summary exhausts all the characters of interest in the book. The grouping is everywhere artistic, and the accounts given of striking street scenes are really masterly. Her power of delineation is unquestionably great. The description of the Festival of San Giovanni is the most elaborate of these sketches. Its gay and gallant ceremonial, the gorgeous procession, the brilliant banners, the rich trappings of the steeds, the handsome draperies gracefully suspended from the walls, the joyous throngs of the populace, the stately cavalcade, the merry-making and the feasting; all fall with tasteful ease and elegance into the thread of our author's narrative, and enrich the tale with that bright coloring which always pleases the eye of the mind, as in another form of art the eye of the body is pleased with a similar glow and splendor. Cennini, one of the casual characters, makes a wise remark about these same gala occasions, which we can not refrain from quoting: "There has been no great people," says he, "without processions; and the man who thinks himself too wise to be moved by them to any thing but contempt is like the puddle that was proud of standing alone, while the river rushed by."

In this very account of the great Florentine festival may be remarked, more prominently noticeable even than elsewhere, the author's characteristic habit of noting with a somewhat satirical undercurrent of humor, and a minute particularity, the

little incidents of life and manners among the vulgar, as she proceeds with the thread of her story.

The story itself is simple enough. It is briefly this: Just at the period when the cultivators of literature and the arts, then newly revived, were lamenting the recent death of their great patron, Lorenzo the Magnificent, an adventurer of noble and fascinating person comes to Florence and wins the love of the beautiful Romola, and, at the same time, the good-will of many powerful Florentines, likely to be serviceable as patrons. While in the full tide of success, he receives intelligence of the captivity of his adopted father, whose gems had furnished him with the means which gave him his first "coign of vantage" in the strange city, and to whom he had also been indebted for that learning which had helped to secure him the smiles of fortune. Instead of hastening to devote himself to the task of ransoming his benefactor, he selfishly stays in Florence to enjoy the favors fast showered upon him by the blind goddess. This first wrong-doing enters into his soul and sullies his conscience. Gradually, but surely, he falls into a net of entangling moral problems, from which he can not extricate himself. Selfish ends become the supreme law of his nature; and he commits, for their furtherance, one base act after another, until his wife discovers with disgust the obliquity of his moral nature, and is forever alienated from him. To domestic unhappiness his wily schemes add other elements productive of evil results, until all the long train of his wicked designs culminates in a miserable death.

Romola, after this troubled early life, then glides into a serene calm of soul, with which the book ends.

It is written with great power, but we do not like so much sadness, especially when the trouble all comes from the unmitigated rascality of the hero.

ADELE ST. MAUR.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADELE's father had a sister in Scotland who had married a "penniless laird wi' a lang pedigree," and, as soon as this lady heard of Adele's arrival in England, she wrote to Sir Alfred, requesting him and his whole family to visit her, including Mrs. Cecil, who had been an old school-friend of Lady Inglis. The invitation was accepted, to Adele's great delight, for, next to England, she loved Scotland. She had read tales of Scottish chivalry and romance until her mind contained many vivid pictures of the hills and dales, lochs and rivers, among which her heroes and heroines had figured. Lady Inglis was many years older than Colonel St. Maur, and he had felt toward her rather as a son than a brother. Adele had so often heard him speak of "my sister Edith," and had so often studied the sweet face which had filled a small oval frame which had accompanied them in all their wanderings, and which now hung in her own little gem of a dressing-room at Lanstead Abbey, that Aunt Edith was, instead of being a stranger, the dearest person in the world. Alfred Mowbray would accompany them to Scotland, but not to Castle Inglis; he would spend a month or so with his friend, Harry Hamilton, whose father's estate lay in Argyleshire.

Sir Alfred and his party reached the station two miles from Castle Inglis rather late in the afternoon. The beauty of the scenery around the station called forth many exclamations from Adele and Mrs. Cecil. There was a broad and beautiful valley, on one side of which glimmered through the old and majestic trees

the quiet waters of Loch D——, and on the other side a towering, craggy, wooded height, and almost at its top appeared the towers of Castle Inglis, perched, like an eagle's nest, almost in the clouds.

"O grandpapa! how shall we ever get up there?" exclaimed Adele, with an amusing expression of alarm. Although the road to the castle made a circuit of two miles for the sake of an easy ascent, the old pile of building appeared so near that the fantastic patterns of the lancet-shaped windows were distinctly visible.

"We can send you up in a balloon, love," said her grandfather, smiling. "But here is your aunt's carriage; we will endeavor to reach the castle in that."

The road wound along the bank of the loch for some time, overshadowed by graceful trees, and then entered a dark grove of evergreens. The ascent from this point was so slight and gradual that Adele kept wondering when "we would begin to go up the mountain;" and when the carriage rolled through the heavy arched gateway, she was almost bewildered, and felt as if she had been transferred thither by magic.

"Surely, grandpapa, this is not the castle we saw from the station?"

"It certainly is, my love."

Adele's astonishment soon gave way to another and deeper feeling. Her aunt stood waiting to receive her, and so like, so strikingly like her own dear father, that Adele almost fainted as she fell into her arms. The beautiful portrait she had so often studied was Aunt Edith in her youth — age had dealt with her in the same way that sorrow had dealt with her young brother, leaving the same wrinkles upon the white brow, the same sadness in the blue eye. The sad, yearning cry which had so distressed her faithful Bernadina, "Papa! Papa!" broke from Adele's white lips, and Lady Inglis, who had loved her brother more than any other being on earth, clasped his child to her heart with a strange mixture of joy and pain.

Miss Inglis, a step-daughter of Lady Inglis, was also there to welcome the party. She was neither young nor pretty, but gentle, sweet, and sprightly.

Lady Inglis had been a widow for many years, and she and her step-daughter Ellen lived here alone. Her pastor and brother-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Inglis, was her nearest neighbor. This gentleman and a few ladies from the neighborhood joined them at dinner, and Sir Alfred seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. Dr. Inglis was a gentleman of the old school, calm, polished, reticent, yet full of information. He never joked, rarely smiled, yet his face wore that calm expression of peace which made one feel that "happiness was too deep and holy a thing for mirth."

Adele was happy too, yet she could not talk — it was all she could do to keep her eyes from overflowing with tears every time she looked at Aunt Edith.

The next morning, when Adele came down to the library, she saw a gentleman standing in the deeply-recessed window reading a newspaper. He was apparently much absorbed, and did not notice Adele's entrance. He seemed quite young, scarcely twenty perhaps, but fully grown. His "short brown beard and curling hair" were of that rich, glossy, *living* hue so rarely seen; his profile was as perfect as though wrought by a Grecian chisel; and his lithe, sinewy form looked as if he would spring with the ease and the grace of a young tiger. Adele glanced again and again at the motionless figure, and at last, with a feeling akin to pique and dislike. "These very handsome people are always disagreeable, I think," was her thought when Miss Inglis entered.

"Good morning, Paul," said she to the young man. "Very polite of you to stand there reading the paper while Miss St. Maur is probably waiting to look over it!"

"Oh!" said Paul, blushing and coming forward, "pray excuse me, I did not know that you ladies were in the room."

"Did not know!" said Miss Inglis, catching one of his ringlets and giving it a smart pull; "that is almost as unpardonable as 'did not care.' This is your cousin Adele, whom you have not seen before."

"Paul is the only son of my uncle, Dr. Inglis," she explained to Adele.

Paul offered his hand, with a graceful bow, to Adele, and talked to her very pleasantly until breakfast-time, while Miss Inglis read the paper. After breakfast, they went out to look at the place. Although from the valley below, the castle looked as if built upon a crag, it was really situated upon a natural terrace, which give space for a fine lawn, garden, and all the necessary yards of a large establishment. On the north was a wall of gray granite, rising perpendicularly from this terrace, higher than the towers of the castle, and fringed at the irregular summit with a fine mass of overhanging foliage. On the south lay the lawn, studded with splendid trees, and on this foggy morning the lawn seemed to terminate in the clouds, which rolled tumultuously around this "island in the sky," as Adele called it. Jenny Wren could have looked down from thir aërial abode with the feeling of being much farther removed from the affairs of earth than she could have done from the old Jew's house-top garden among the smoking chimneys of London. She could have said, "Come up and be dead," and rather, "Come up and be in heaven," without giving you any ghostly ideas. Under the spreading trees on the lawn were numbers of easy rustic seats, and Adele and Mrs. Cecil sat down to watch the strikingly beautiful effect of the sun and wind, dispelling masses of clouds which lay around the mountain. The blue sky began to appear in patches, becoming larger and larger, and at length the last cloud disappeared, and the valley, the loch, and distant city were seen below. Stretching out, as far the eye could reach, lay the beautiful land of Scotland.

CHAPTER IX.

Inglis church and manse lay to the east of the castle, and, after Adele had been here a few days, she accompanied Miss Inglis over to the manse. They found Dr. Inglis and Paul in the garden, pruning some fruit-trees. Miss Inglis looked at their work with interest, for she was a connoisseur in gardening, and their large garden was a study, for it showed the hand of a master in the art in every part of it. Dr. Inglis and his son worked it entirely themselves, for they kept but two servants—old Jeannette, who had lived with the Doctor for thirty years, and Andrew, who had grown gray in his service, and knew how to do every thing but garden. The Doctor was in the habit of saying, that it was a law of nature that every man must perform enough work to earn his own bread by the sweat of his brow. "In the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread," said the Lord to Adam, and since Adam's day there is no evading this law. Work, or in more popular phrase, exercise, is necessary to health, and acting on this belief, Dr. Inglis had trained his son into a most accomplished gardener.

Dr. Inglis had had heavy sorrows in his youth, and Paul, his youngest child, was the last remaining one of a once numerous and lovely family. Paul's life, however, had been all sunshine: he had no recollection of the beautiful mother, whose portrait hung in their antique drawing-room; no recollection of the sweet group of brothers and sisters, which also hung there. The crushed heart of Dr. Inglis had turned all its energies to serving his God, and training this boy for heaven. And the beautiful, and to human eyes, the *unsullied* soul of the youth, who had just entered manhood, showed how the prayer-trained child be-

comes the God-fearing and God-loving man. Dr. Inglis had, since the chastening hand of God had been so heavily laid upon him, literally and most faithfully obeyed the divine precept, "Thou shalt teach my words diligently unto thy children, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." So thoroughly was Paul imbued with this fear and love of God, that a less spiritually-minded parent would have thought that he had succeeded almost too well, and that the young man was almost too indifferent to the things of this life. Enthusiast he was, but practical too, and full of energy—no pale dreamer whose life had ebbed away into his books, but healthy, strong, and physically beautiful as Absalom, in whom was found no blemish from the crown of his head to the soul of his foot. Like Timothy, he had been instructed in the Scriptures, until every part of the holy book from Genesis to Revelation was almost as familiar to him as the alphabet. His knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew languages was so perfect that the most accomplished Greek and Hebrew scholars of Scotland, who were frequent guests at his father's house, were surprised at his proficiency. "My boy must understand the Bible," was Dr. Inglis's frequent remark; "that is the business of his life." And strongly did his son imbibe and act upon this principle.

When Adele and Miss Inglis entered the garden the gentlemen were engaged in training some espaliers on a stone wall. They soon finished their work, and would have left it when the ladies entered, but Miss Inglis insisted on their not doing so, as she wanted some lessons in the art of training trees. "Our gardener is rather a dull fellow," she remarked, "and I have often to overlook his work. So you must show me how you manage these fruit-trees."

What a contrast this quiet spot presented to the "island in the sky," as Adele persisted in calling the castle. No distant views here. The gray ivy-hung walls of the old church rose on one side of the little lawn, and both the church and the manse looked a thousand years old. The sun glinted into this nook, embowered in evergreens; and back of the house rose a heather-crowned knoll; this knoll was Paul's study, as Miss Inglis said; here in his boyhood he had been accustomed, cushioned on the soft heather, to prepare his lessons. The ladies were invited into the house, and the dear old smiling face of Jeannette soon appeared, bringing in a tray containing lunch.

There was such a sweet quiet air of repose upon every thing here, that Adele felt as if she could stay forever; but it was near Lady Inglis's dinner hour, and Miss Inglis had been instructed to bring back her uncle and cousin with her.

"Adele and I will look at the church while you are dressing," said she; and her uncle gave Andrew the key to accompany them.

"Yes, Miss Nellie, ye may weel show the young leddy the kirk, for there is na ither sich in all Scotland. The Culdees used for to preach here lang before the Gospel was heard on in England."

"O Andrew!" said Miss Inglis, laughing, "I am afraid your Culdees were a kind of Scottish fairies, like the brownies!"

Andrew held up his hands in holy horror. "Now God forgive ye, Miss Nellie, for likenen his servants to sich wicked things as brownies." For the old man had a lingering belief in the existence of brownies, notwithstanding his piety.

"Who were the Culdees, cousin Ellen?" asked Adele; "I have never heard of them before."

"The word comes from *Cultore Dei*, and they were a holy set of *Presbyterian monks* who preached in Scotland."

"Presbyterian monks! how oddly that sounds. Were they really monks?"

"So it is said. I am not very well acquainted with the early ecclesiastical history of Scotland, but I believe that all parties agree about the holiness of life and great learning of the Culdees. It is said they sometimes spent eighteen years in study before receiving orders. Whether they took vows of celibacy I do not know; it seems certain that they lived in societies, but it is supposed by some that this was merely for the purpose of study and united action in charitable works, and that, when they married, they left the society. My uncle can tell you every thing that is known at present about them."

"*Cultore Dei*," said Adele, "what a holy name, and how appropriate it seems! But what does Andrew mean about their preaching before Christianity was known in England?"

Miss Inglis smiled as she looked at Andrew's rugged Scotch face. "Oh! Andrew would say that the 'land o' the Scots' was created before any other part of the world, I suppose. Still, my impression, is that he is right about the Christianity of Scotland preceding that of England. If my memory is not at fault, Ninian was the means of converting the Picts in the year 412, while Augustine did not reach England until the year 597, nearly two centuries later. St. Columba, however, the founder of the Culdees, did not precede Augustine more than thirty or forty years. The ruins of his old churches and monasteries are still to be seen on the island of Iona; and mamma and I have been promising ourselves a visit there this summer, and your being here will make it so much pleasanter."

"Oh! I shall be delighted," said Adele, "and in the mean time I will learn all about the Culdees from Dr. Inglis—I am so much interested in them."

"Ay, my leddy," said Andrew, "ye may weel spur after them; there war no sic men syne that day."

The ponderous key now grated in the old church door, and the party entered. Very old and damp and ugly, was Adele's first impression, but the next was that of sweet, quaint, holy quietness, and they seated themselves in one of the old oaken pews, while Andrew stood in the aisle in perfect stillness. At last the old man's voice broke the silence. "Mony souls ha bin born to God i' this place, and mony now before the throne may look back to where they first saw spiritual light."

"Yes, Andrew," said Miss Inglis in a subdued tone, "you and I will also look back to this spot, when we reach heaven, as our former home on earth."

"Ay, indeed, Miss Nellie, it is my home—my happiest hours are spent here. And there outen that window I look at the graves of my dear mistress and her bairns, and I expect before many years to be laid beside them."

After examining every part of the church, they went out into the graveyard.

"This is the grave of Paul's mother," said Miss Inglis, almost in a whisper, "and these are his little brothers and sisters." Beautifully kept was the grass, the shrubbery, the trees—every leaf and tiny spear looked as if watched and cared for. A seat and rustic table were near, of which Andrew said: "This is where master often writes his sermons."

They were now joined by the gentlemen, and took the path to the castle.

Late that afternoon, when the setting sun, away below the island in the sky, was casting his last beams over the misty landscape, the party were seated in groups upon the lawn.

Sir Alfred preferred an easy-chair upon a balcony overlooking the lawn. Adele stood at a little distance from him, looking dreamily over the distant country. Her eyes were not so bright as usual—in fact, there was a dimness about them which almost suggested tears. Her grandfather raised his gold-headed cane, and touching her gently on the shoulder, said playfully, "What is thy petition, Queen Esther? And what is

thy request? and it shall be granted thee, even to the half of my fortune!"

Adele smiled, but the dew did condense into two bright drops, which trembled on her eye-lashes.

"O grandpapa! it makes me so unhappy to think of the Benjamins —I love them so much—and they will be lost!" The tears were followed by a deep sob. "Grandpapa, money would employ a missionary, would it not? could you not employ a missionary for the special purpose of converting the Benjamins?"

Sir Alfred could scarcely repress a smile, but although amused he did not the less earnestly receive the proposition. He thought a moment, and then said, "Yes, darling, I will make every endeavor to do so. I will talk to Dr. Inglis about it this evening."

"O grandpapa! how good—how kind you are. I am sure there never was such another grandpapa," and she threw her arms around his neck and covered his face and gray hair with kisses. "May I go and tell Dr. Inglis you wish to talk to him? He is walking with Mrs. Cecil near the cliff."

"It would scarcely be polite to interrupt his conversation with a lady; but I see Mrs. Cecil has joined Miss Inglis and her mother, so you may go."

Adele bounded off like a gazelle, and Dr. Inglis seemed to catch the infection of her bright eye, for he came up smiling, which was a rare thing with him. Adele then joined the ladies, but she often looked toward the balcony where the two venerable men held earnest converse. Long they talked of the condition of the Jews, a subject of deep interest to Dr. Inglis, and had been for many years. Paul was soon to be ordained, and his own enthusiastic temperament had already almost determined him to take the missionary field. A mission to the Jews would require a particular course of study, however, such as had been indicated by McCheyne, and Sir Alfred was anxious to secure an agent immediately. "However, your son can carry on his studies at the same time that he engages in active duties—at least endeavor to convert this family, in whom my little girl is so much interested. He is already a splendid Hebrew linguist, and I would be glad for him to embark as soon as he is ordained."

CHAPTER X.

Iona! sacred isle, with its low bleak shore and naked hills and ruined churches—the church of Ronad, the church of St. Oran—the dismantled walls of the monasteries or colleges. Our party had landed with a crowd of tourists and sight-seers, and their unseemly mirth jarred upon Adele's feelings, and she had wandered off with her sketch-book among the tombs of ancient monarchs and churchmen. Andrew, whose love of his native country made him far more intelligent than most men of his class, had told her that she would find in this holy spot the tombs of forty ancient kings of Scotland, four kings of Ireland, and eight kings of Norway. Adele could not find as many as Andrew promised, but the carving on some of the tombs was very fine. Beside the kings, there were many of the ancient dignitaries of Scotland, the McLeans, the McAlisters, and the McDonalds, whose remains had been brought here by their relatives, in the hope that the sins of their lives might be more easily forgiven if their bodies rested within these sacred precincts.

Paul Inglis stood in the church of St. Oran, the carved pavement of which still remained, and with his serene yet deeply earnest expression, he looked at the striking scene around. He stood perfectly still, with a strangely preoccupied look in his large and dark hazel eyes.

"See," said Mrs. Cecil, "he is just my idea of St. Columba! My dear Miss Inglis, I never had a firmer conviction than that your cousin Paul is destined for the accomplishment of some great and noble work. Just imagine that paletot he wears changed into an antique robe, and St. Columba would be before you!"

"Oh!" said Miss Inglis, "I have never imagined St. Columba to have been young and beautiful, like Paul. You know the artists of the middle ages have not endowed the saints with many personal attractions. I have never seen a representation of St. Columba, but many others are any thing but beautiful. I suppose I am uttering a great heresy when I say that I believe that the arts of painting and sculpture have degraded instead of elevated the taste of the world."

"A very grave mistake I think you have fallen into, then," said Mrs. Cecil. "Now, suppose Mr. Inglis were placed upon canvas just as he is, would not the very sight of his pure, thinking face and his fine attitude have an ennobling effect?"

Miss Inglis shook her head with a little smile. "I am inclined to believe, with old Andrew, that it is a sin to make the likeness of any thing upon the earth, or in the heavens above the earth, or in the waters under the earth."

Mrs. Cecil looked annoyed, and had she uttered her thoughts aloud, they would have been rather uncivil.

"You surely would not be without the likenesses of your friends?"

An expression of deep pain flitted across the face of Miss Inglis. "The likeness I have of my father is so unsatisfactory to me, that I never look at it. I cherish a portrait of him in my heart, which is so much truer, that the painted image on the wall almost haunts me—it is like, yet oh! so cruelly unlike. And I know it is the same case with mamma, for although she loved him so devotedly, she studiously avoids looking at it. Yet it is a very handsome picture, and his friends think a perfect likeness. No artist can make a picture like that enshrined in the heart of a wife or daughter. The very attempt seems to me sacrilege."

"What a poetical fanatic!" thought Mrs. Cecil, as Miss Inglis continued:

"It seems to me, Mrs. Cecil, that few persons realize the sacredness of the 'human form divine.' Its being created in the image of God—its being the temple of the holy Spirit—" Here her voice sank low.

"Yet surely," said Mrs. Cecil, "you would not blot out from existence all the beautiful creations of painters and sculptors?"

"I would like to annihilate all the *ugly* creations of painters and sculptors which I think have demoralized the world for so long. I know," said she, smiling at the expression of Mrs. Cecil's face, "that you think me a northern barbarian, or a fanatical Puritan, but this is really my feeling and belief. I do not know certainly that I am right, however."

"And I feel quite certain that you are not right, begging your pardon, Miss Inglis. What idea would we have of the polished Greeks, if we had none of their exquisite works of art?"

"The Greeks," replied Miss Inglis, "were a noble and cultivated people, and had they been debarred by any means from expressing their thoughts in marble, they would have found an expression in some other form. Do not understand me as condemning art in building or any kind of ornamentation. But I think the human race would have been better and purer if no delineation of the human form, in marble, metal, or on canvas had ever been made. Had Greece had no artists, she would probably have had more poets. Had she had no statues, she might have had more temples and more beautiful buildings of every description. In this day, when moral and social questions are so much discussed, it might be worth while to consider what effect persuading men of their own divine origin, and keeping this idea con-

stantly impressed upon their minds, would have in elevating and ennobling them. 'Ye are gods,' said the psalmist, and Adam is declared to have been the son of God. Then let this God-like temple, built for the soul's occupancy, be considered too sacred to be imitated by the hand of man."

"What a singular mode of thinking!" said Mrs. Cecil. "Did you ever meet with an educated person who agreed with you in these opinions?"

"No," said Miss Inglis, "I do not know that I ever expressed them before."

"And then your practice contradicts your theory. Your collection of miniatures, which your mother told me you had made with such infinite pains, is the rarest and most exquisite I have ever seen. And the fine collection of paintings at the castle, gathered from many lands by your ancestors, might have taught you to appreciate art."

"I made the collection of miniatures many years ago, when my father and I lived upon the continent. My present opinions have been formed so gradually, that I can scarcely say when they commenced. Probably some doubts have existed in my mind ever since I read an account of the fierce contest raised in the Church by the Iconoclasts, in the eighth century; and gradually the conviction, faint at first, but growing stronger, as each year's experience and reading is added to the preceding, that we are to obey God's written commands *to the letter*, and wherever any doubt exists as to their meaning, to *endeavor always to be on the safe side. It may not* be a sin to paint portraits — it *is certainly not* a sin to refrain from it. St. Paul said, 'If any man doubt, he is damned if he eat, for whatsoever is not of faith is sin.'"

"But I think it is much better not to doubt," said Mrs. Cecil. "You know, with regard to eating forbidden food, it was only the weak Christians who doubted—the strong did not."

"Yes," said Miss Inglis, slowly and hesitatingly; "but latterly the world seems so bewildered between right and wrong, and opposite parties maintain with so much fierceness that their own views are right, that I see no way of coming to a certain knowledge of the truth, except by a close clinging to the revealed word of God. And had the Church from the earliest ages maintained the principle that she had no right, *as a church*, to move hand or foot without an express 'Thus saith the Lord,' there would never have been any schism, and that unity, for which our Saviour prayed, would have been preserved."

Miss Inglis saw Dr. Inglis approaching, and saw from the smile with which Mrs. Cecil looked toward him, that she was going to appeal to him, and she said, hurriedly, "Pray do not speak to my uncle on this subject — it does not become me to advance new opinions, and it is not my duty to teach; the apostle declares that a woman ought not to be suffered to teach, and I would always rather my uncle would regard me as a disciple than a setter forth of strange doctrines."

Dr. Inglis now came up, and said:

"You ladies seem to be engaged in earnest disputation. Ellen blushes as though she had been defeated in the argument."

"I do not know," said Mrs. Cecil, "I am afraid I was defeated; but here comes my darling Adele, with her sketches. Well, my little lady, have you found the tombs of all the Scotch, Irish, and Norwegian kings?"

"Oh! no dear Mrs. Cecil. I can not find all, and Paul is so preöccupied that he will not help me. But my sketches are beautiful; I mean, I had beautiful carvings of foliage and flowers to sketch, upon the old tombs. And this is St. Martin's cross," showing a drawing, "and these are pillars of the cathedral, with such grotesque capitals."

"Why, yes, my love, you have really added treasures to your portfolio; you have executed them admirably too," and glancing from the

drawings to the lovely face before her, she patted the soft round cheek, and stooped to kiss the fair young brow.

"Is my cousin Adele complaining of me?" said Paul, now joining the party. "I must really ask pardon; my thoughts have all flown after the olden inhabitants of this weird isle; but I will now make amends. I have found a rare old tomb, amid the rank grass and wild flowers, which will be a fine subject to copy. Come, my dear little cousin, I am entirely at your service;" and the knightly bow with which the young man greeted the fair girl and then moved off at her side, formed so pretty a picture, that Mrs. Cecil smiled with pleasure, as she and Miss Inglis exchanged glances.

(To be continued.)

AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE.

In the first number of this Magazine, attention was drawn to the importance of agricultural science, and some general suggestions offered as to how the present deplorable neglect at the South might to some extent be remedied. We propose to follow up the discussion with a concise view of some of the more important practical results already attained in this department of scientific research. The points of special interest to the practical farmer may be summed up in these three: first, his soil, its character and composition; second, his crops, their nature and cultivation; third, his manures, their qualities and manufacture. Upon each of these points science, aided by experience, has made many valuable suggestions and established many useful facts. We can only allude to a few of them.

The soil, we know, results from the decomposition of rocks, and partakes of the general character of the minerals which have been disintegrated to form it. If it has been derived from a granitic rock, its composition will be identical with the kind of granite which has furnished the materials; if, for instance, the granite has its usual composition of feldspar, quartz, and mica, in due proportions, the soil will contain by the decomposition of these, the necessary quantities of silica, alumina, potash, and iron, but no lime; and in proportion as the feldspar predominates, the soil will be a cold stiff clay, or as silica abounds, an open porous sand. If, on the other hand, hornblende takes the place of mica, forming a syenitic granite, we will have both lime and magnesia, but less potash or soda. In like manner each of the rocks gives, by disintegration, its own peculiar soil—basalt and greenstone, a good soil, rich in lime with due proportions of clay and the alkalies; serpentine, a poor soil, deficient in lime, and abounding to a defect in magnesia; or if the mineral called hypersthene forms the principal part of the rocks, as is sometimes the case, the soil may prove hopelessly barren, containing much magnesia and iron, with only traces of lime and clay.

But few rocks, however, can furnish all the inorganic elements necessary for every variety of plants, and hence their separate disintegration must have formed, in most cases, only a barren result, if God had not, in his infinite wisdom, by what man would have regarded as a dire calamity, brought a blessing upon us. The earthquakes and convulsions of former eras were God's angels of mercy, sent not only to redeem our earth from this sterility, but to bless us with all the rich beauties of the varied landscape. If these convulsions, upheaving the underlying strata, and exposing rocks of different ages and character to disintegration, had not occurred, the whole of our soil must have been formed from a single kind of rock, and have re-

mained comparatively barren for many sorts of produce, while the surface of the earth presented to the weary eye an unvarying and tiresome monotony. As it is, however, rocks of every age, consisting of minerals of every character, have been upheaved and exposed on the surface to the corroding tooth of time, and these, by commingling their rich and varied treasures of mineral manures, each supplying the defects of the other, have diffused a general fertility, and produced, by the aid of organic matter, the exhaustless alluvial deposits of our bottom lands and prairies. It is thus that the different qualities of our soils are easily explained.

The character of the rocks that were originally disintegrated to form the soil in any locality, must determine the character of that soil.

How much, then, might a thorough knowledge of the composition of rocks often aid us in deciding upon the fertility of a soil which has been formed by their decomposition, and the character of the manures necessary for its improvement, even in advance of actual experiment! The soil, it is true, is not always derived from the rock on which it lies, for the alluvial banks of overflowing streams and rivers are formed from all the rocks along their course, and other localities, especially in high latitudes, are covered with a soil that has drifted from remote regions. But still it is generally true that the underlying and neighboring rocks give character to our surface soils, and even in cases where this general rule does not apply, a competent knowledge of mineralogy would often be of incalculable value to the practical farmer. In more than one instance we have known of farmers traveling hundreds of miles to enjoy the advantages of a new country, and after all their toil and sacrifices have settled down upon sterile granite land every way inferior to that they had left behind, when a simple inspection of the surface of the country with the requisite mineralogical information would at least have warned them of the danger.

Every farmer, by his own observation, is familiar with the fact that the character of the forest-trees growing upon any locality is a tolerable index to the quality of the soil that produces them. This is so, because the prevalence of any peculiar species of forest-tree in a given locality is dependent, not on any accident that scattered its seeds in that particular place rather than any other, nor on any miraculous power that originated them in that soil at its creation or afterward, but only on the fact that the seeds, which are scattered everywhere, have here alone found the requisite conditions for a healthful development. Their spontaneous growth implies the presence in the soil of the elements necessary to produce them, and those therefore, which require the same conditions as field crops, must indicate good farming lands. If our farmers were as familiar with the nature of the rocks that form our various soils as they are with the kinds of trees that fill our forests, they would not altogether neglect this sort of testimony in taking evidence to establish the general qualities of lands. If we would, however, know definitely and certainly the exact composition of the land we cultivate, in order to devote it to the most suitable crops, or improve its qualities in the most economical and successful manner, no source of information can be substituted for the chemist's analysis.

By this means, and this alone, can we learn fully and accurately what our soils are, and what special manures will remedy their defects. Without it, much labor and much money may be spent in vain, to furnish elements already present in sufficient abundance, and possibly even in injurious excess.

In the second place, the farmer's crops require some special consideration as to their nature and cultivation.

The plant always has a definite relation to the soil in which it grows; the composition of the one must cor-

respond to the requirements of the other. Wheat, for instance, which requires, among other things, much phosphoric acid to perfect its seeds, and soluble silica to stiffen its straw, could not be cultivated successfully upon a soil containing neither of these essential elements; if the first is absent or deficient, the seeds must fail, or be proportionally defective; if the second is wanting, the straw will not be able to support the head; the plant can not manufacture either for itself, and hence the farmer would spend his strength in vain and his labor for naught if he should attempt to grow his wheat upon such a soil, while, if rich in all the other elements of fertility, the same soil might yield an abundant harvest of turnips, or other plants which require but little of these elements.

In some parts of Brazil where the soil is peculiarly rich in organic matter, and we would naturally suppose that the richest harvests not only of grain, but of any other crop might be produced, the actual experiment has shown that wheat can not be successfully cultivated at all. And in our own country, where rich alluvial bottoms are found, it is within the knowledge of every one that in some instances crops of small grain will not grow, while in other cases the growth is so rank and luxuriant that the stems can not support the weight, and the whole falls to the ground. Now, in the first case, the scientific farmer would not fail to recognize the true cause of his failure in the entire absence of some element from the soil which is an essential ingredient of his crop; and in the second case, in the deficiency of silica, notwithstanding the abundance of all the other conditions essential to success. This silica being the strengthening element in the straw of all our grains and grasses, if the natural richness of the soil induces such a rapid growth that the plant can not take it up as fast as it is required, the straw must necessarily lack stiffness, and like unstarched linen, become too soft and limber. Thus it is apparent that the successful farmer must either know the resources of his soil, and the requirements of his crops, and suit the one to the other; or he must understand how to remedy the defects of his soil so as to adapt it to the necessities of his plants. He must in the case supposed, either abandon the cultivation of wheat for some other crop to which his land is suited, or he must add silica to his soil; or if that be already present, the strong alkalies, in sufficient quantities to render that silica soluble for the use of his wheat. It is upon this principle, in part, namely, that different kinds of plants require different kinds of food, that the great importance of a systematic rotation of our cultivated field crops is mainly based.

If the same plants be grown annually upon the same soil, they will of course draw continually the same elements from the earth, and unless the miracle of the widow's cruse be repeated, that vessel be ultimately exhausted from which we are continually taking, and to which nothing is added. This exhaustion will follow the sooner, if we select those plants which draw largely upon some ingredient of the soil which is present in it only in a limited degree. That special ingredient being thus removed, the soil becomes barren for those plants which require it, while other plants may even grow luxuriantly upon it.

What, then, is the remedy? Either the exhausted element must be returned in the form of manure, or the kindly aid of nature must be invoked, and the soil be allowed to rest from that particular crop, till the same disintegrating agents which originally formed it may have time by further action to replace the substances removed by cultivation. To anticipate this demand and prevent this exhaustion, at the same time that we secure an uninterrupted succession of crops, is the object of rotation in cultivation.

Meanwhile another principle bearing in an exactly opposite direction leads to the same result, namely, that all plants, like animals, not only take

up and assimilate by their appropriate organs whatever is necessary for their growth, but they also reject from their system whatever they have taken in through their roots that is unsuited to their nature. This must be so, as all plants take up indiscriminately in their sap whatever substances are soluble in the soil around them, and yet chemical analysis shows that different species growing side by side in the same soil have very dissimilar compositions, simply because one has retained what the other rejected.

This habit of the plant of excreting by its roots the substances which are unnecessary or injurious to its development, serves to illustrate still further why a soil that has become unfit for the growth of one crop may be exactly suited for another, just as a hog may fatten upon the excrement of other animals.

Thus we have the two principles upon which the proper rotation is to be established. First, those plants must succeed each other which do not require in large quantities the same elements for their support, and especially if the required substance is one that is usually deficient in soils. Secondly, those crops should have the preference in the rotation which can assimilate and thrive upon the excrementitious matters rejected by the roots of their immediate predecessor. While these two principles should establish the *order* of succession, it is evident that the necessities of a country must greatly modify the question as to *what crops* should enter into the rotation adopted by them. The English rotation is, first, wheat; second, rutabaga turnips; third, barley; fourth, clover or grass of some kind; the wheat to furnish bread, turnips for their sheep and cattle, the barley to be brewed into beer and ale, the clover and grasses for pasturage.

In this country, of course, Indian corn must form a part of any rotation that could be adopted; while in the Gulf States, "Cotton is" still "King."

With us, too, the common cow-pea, which has been aptly called the "clover of the South," should not be omitted in any system of rotation which looks either to the improvement of the soil or the value of the produce. As a manural crop for the benefit of the soil, its long tap-roots descend far into the earth, and draw up from depths beyond the reach of ordinary field plants the fertilizing salts which it deposits upon the surface for future use; while the roots themselves penetrating the subsoil tend to pulverize it, and at the same time their decomposition furnishes it with vegetable matters. Indeed, this Southern clover by its many valuable qualities deserves to be such a favorite with our people, that if it is excluded from a formal place in our general system of rotation, it should only be in order to establish it as a more universal crop, to be used whenever and wherever space can be found for it. Especially should it be planted in every corn-field at its final working; when thus used the advantages will be several fold. In the first place, while the pea will come too late to injure the development of the corn, its young leaves will render a substantial service by protecting the soil and the roots of the growing crop from the parching effects of a midsummer's sun. In the second place, it will render a further service by contributing to prevent the washing of the soil. In the third place, after the corn crop has been gathered it furnishes an excellent pasture; and in the fourth place, the vegetable matter from its leaves, and vines, and roots, when plowed into the soil, serves as a valuable manure. As a crop to be harvested for food, its hay is richer in flesh-forming matter than either the common meadow-grass or clover-hay, while the pea itself is said to contain considerably more of these nitrogenous substances than even Indian corn or wheat.

This estimate of the value of the cow-pea, though strictly according to the record, is certainly beyond that

generally placed upon it by practical farmers; and whether the one or the other be correct, it illustrates the mutual dependence of the science and art of agriculture to guide and support each other. If the first be correct, of how little value are the immemorial opinions, or, we might say, prejudices of the "practical" man, without the aid of the principles involved in his profession; and if the second be true, how unsafe are the suggestions of theoretical science till they have been submitted to the ordeal of a practical test!

With such an exhibit, however, of the apparent real merit of the too much neglected cow-pea, may we not hope that a thorough trial, not less practical than scientific, may soon vindicate its right to a high position among the products of the Southern farm?

Thus far we have considered the crop in its relation to the composition of the soil; but it is evident that the nature of the plant should not be more strictly conformed to the qualities of the soil, than the cultivation of the crop to the peculiarities of both. The object in cultivation, is several fold.

The soil is stirred by the farmer's hoe, rake, and plough for the same reason, in part, that the chemist pulverizes the mineral he wishes to analyze, namely, that it may the more readily be acted on by his solvents and reagents. We have seen that the entire surface soil has been formed by the crumbling down of ancient rocks, under the influence of heat, cold, and moisture.

This soil still contains much fertilizing matter locked up in the little grains and particles which compose it, and which await further decomposition before their nutritious elements can be dissolved in the earth, and thus made available to be taken up by the roots, to be circulated in the sap of the plant. This further decomposition of these particles, the unlocking of these little storehouses of mineral wealth, can only be accomplished as the original disintegration was effected—by the continued action of atmospheric agents; and these can only have free access to perform their work when the soil is loose and pulverulent.

A second and much more important object of cultivation, is the improvement of the mechanical condition of the soil. Under this head may be reckoned a variety of effects which follow the plow and hoe, as they convert the hard and compact earth into a soft and mellow soil. By it the tender roots are permitted to permeate the earth far beyond their usual limits in search of food for the young plants; by it watery vapor is absorbed into the soil, as by a porous sponge, where it dissolves the mineral manures and conveys them to the roots, and circulates with them through all the pores and fibres of the plant, giving freshness and pliancy to every part; by it the atmospheric gases, including the valuable manures ammonia and carbonic acid, are absorbed, when they not only work important changes in the soil, but are carried by the circulating sap to every portion of the leaf and stem, to assist in building up its solid framework.

These general statements of the beneficial effects of keeping the soil well pulverized, leave scarcely any need for a special plea in behalf of deep culture and sub-soil plowing. It is sufficiently evident to all, that if pulverizing the surface gives such advantages, the deeper the process goes the better the effect; the further will the roots extend in search of food; the more vapor will be absorbed to counteract the effects of drought; the more gaseous manures will be obtained from the atmosphere, and the more extended, also, will be the chemical improvement of the soil. In addition to this, deep tillage will bring back to the surface valuable mineral constituents which have been dissolved by rains and carried down into the sub-soil; it will also equalize the moisture of the earth, permitting it, when in excess, to descend, and by the aid of capillary action

bringing it back again to the surface when it becomes parched; by the admission of warm summer air, and the condensation of its moisture, as well as by the chemical activity produced, it will likewise diffuse into the cold sub-soil a genial and stimulating heat so necessary to all the functions of both soil and plant.

We would not, of course, counsel the sudden upturning of every farm to the depth of ten or twelve inches, which had before only been cultivated to the depth of five or six. This, in many cases, would bury the shallow surface soil entirely beneath a stiff and barren clay, which would be a serious detriment. But he who would enjoy the best results from his farming operations, as well as secure the pleasure of contemplating his progressive success, should deepen his culture inch by inch, each year increasing a little, till his whole subsoil becomes penetrable by the roots of his growing crops. The farmer who has purchased a farm has secured the ownership of his soil to an indefinite depth. Why should he not enter upon the possession? The city merchant, when about to build, only buys a few feet fronting on Main street, and then he piles story upon story, to the fifth or sixth, till all the demands of his increasing business are met.

So let our country farmers build *downward*, multiplying farm under farm, each as rich and valuable as the one on the surface, till all his wants are supplied. This would surely be better than to purchase more soil from some other man, while his own lies uncultivated and neglected at home.

The depth to which our common field crops would send their roots in search of nourishment and moisture, if the soil were sufficiently pulverized to admit it, is scarcely credible to those who have not examined the facts. The frail and tender roots of growing corn, if permitted by cultivation, would occupy the earth to the depth of more than thirty inches. There are, indeed, few cultivated plants whose roots would not travel downward from two to three feet, if permitted to do so. Then, is it not evident that a plant thus deriving nourishment from every inch of the soil for several feet in every direction, would become more vigorous than one imprisoned within a few inches of the surface? Would an animal, tethered to a fixed point, thrive and fatten as one left free to roam over the wide pastures, and feed at pleasure upon its rich herbage? The question answers itself. Then the deeper our soils are pulverized, and made penetrable by the roots of the plants, the better the crop.

Thus much for the general principles of culture. Now what are the limitations to the application? Shall the farmer at all times plow as deep as possible? This must depend upon the nature of his soil, and the character of his crop; in this, as in many other points, his practical wisdom must be taxed, to determine discreetly the path of duty where general principles and special ends have to be compared and balanced.

It is, evidently, quite as important that the growing plant shall have roots to penetrate the soil, and abstract its nutritive matter, as it is that the soil should be penetrable; and if the crop is of such a character, and at such a stage of development, that the deep plowing would injure it more by destroying its tender roots, than the additional pulverization could atone for, it is clear it would be bad economy, to open up the new treasures of nutriment in the subsoil, by a process that would close the mouths of the plants, and render them incapable of enjoying it. Plants differ much in their character for endurance, some will bear almost any extent of interference, and by promptly throwing out fresh roots, will soon recover all they have lost, if they have thereby secured a wider range in a loose and mellow soil; while others can not be disturbed without serious injury. Witness the facility with which our garden beets and cabbage may be trans-

planted, and the care requisite, for the same operation with the cucumber and squash.

As the best general rule that can be devised, let the land be as thoroughly pulverized as possible before the seeds are committed to the soil, that the after cultivation necessary to keep it loose and penetrable may be as light and superficial as circumstances will allow; thus avoiding as far as may be all unnecessary injury to the spreading roots.

If the soil, however, from its compact nature requires to be deeply pulverized during the growth of the plant, let it be done as early as possible before the young roots have spread much into the adjacent furrows. But the ultimate appeal in all cases, which, like this, depend not only upon the nature of the soil and crop, but also much upon the character of the weather, must be submitted to each man's personal judgment and experience.

The third general head into which our subject naturally divides itself is the question of manures. On this interesting and important department we can give but a brief and imperfect outline.

Manuring, like the system of cultivation already considered, must be regulated both by the wants of the soil and the necessities of the plant, improving the physical character and chemical composition of the one and meeting the organic and inorganic demands of the other. When a physician would treat with the best success a case of disease, he must have an accurate knowledge not only of the functions of the human system generally, but special information in regard to the constitutional peculiarities of the patient under treatment, as well as a detailed knowledge of the nature, extent, and locality of the disease. These points being secured, he is prepared to compound his medicines according to their known qualities and apportion his prescriptions as the patient may require. That patient is the farmer's soil and crop—the different plants he cultivates, his separate subjects of study—the digestive functions, the seat of the disease—the manure appropriate in the case, the remedy to be applied.

Does the farmer then desire to pursue successfully his profession? He must "doctor" his soil. He must carefully consider its physical peculiarities and the extent and nature of its defects in reference to the crop he cultivates. If this be not done, he can not compost his manures with any certain expectation of remedying its deficiencies. Every one must see that definite knowledge can alone suggest definite remedies and lead to definite results.

The composts of the barn-yard may be considered the farmer's best general *tonics*. These containing most of the salts originally extracted from the soil for the nourishment of the crops upon which his animals have been fed, must, of course, contain valuable nutriment for succeeding crops—valuable in proportion not only as the food upon which the different animals have lived has been rich and nutritious, but especially in proportion as its volatile and soluble elements have been skillfully husbanded by the combined care and science of the industrious farmer. To pursue this branch of the subject through all its practical details or at all in proportion to its intrinsic importance, would far exceed the limits proposed to ourselves in this discussion. But fortunately, the admitted value of animal manures has already diffused a very general knowledge upon the subject of barnyard composts, so that a repetition of the processes and the principles involved in them becomes less necessary in this place.

The whole philosophy of the subjects is summed up in the proper use of such chemical agents and absorbents, (sulphuric acid, gypsum, chloride of lime, charcoal, vegetable mould, etc.,) as will effectually prevent the escape of the gaseous manures on the one hand, and such shelter as will ward

off the evaporating heat of the sun and the leaching effects of rain on the other. The last thing which the intelligent practical farmer would do is to expose his valuable stable manures to drenching rains and scorching heat in the open barn-yard, without any provision being made to guard against the entire waste of its volatile gases and soluble salts. The richest animal manures thus left till fully decomposed would be but little better than so much decayed wood or leached ashes. If they must be exposed, let them be mixed and covered with some of those substances suited to retain the ammonia, and let the drainings be secured for future use.

But while it is admitted that stable composts and manures are generally, if not sufficiently appreciated, because of their adaptation to almost every species of plant and every kind of soil, and their existence at little or no cost at the very door of every farmer, still the same admission would not be true, at least to the same extent, of other and more special manures, as lime, gypsum, guano, etc. These, as distinguished from stable manures, which are more general in their action, may be viewed more in the light of specifics—special medicines for special cases—and being therefore more professional, come less within the experience of the great mass of farmers. Their proper and economic use as a class, also, requires more definite knowledge, and hence, in the hands of the inexperienced, more often disappoint the hopes of those who have spent much labor and money too, it may be, to procure and use them. We may supply our land abundantly with lime, and perceive after all our trouble and expense no beneficial result—because our soil may be already sufficiently supplied with that element, or the crop we cultivate may require but little or no lime; or the lime itself may be positively injurious from the excess of magnesia which it contains. We may purchase large quantities of guano and realize none of the peculiarly prompt and efficient action of that justly esteemed commercial manure—because the article, though perhaps a genuine guano, may have had all the soluble ingredients which give to it its forcing power washed out, and but little more left for the use of the plant than its insoluble earthy matters.

Commercial manures should never be purchased without a previous satisfactory chemical examination. What then? Shall the common farmer who is unable to make a chemical analysis either of his soil, his crops, or his manures, abandon these special fertilizers altogether? By no means.

He must avail himself of the skill and knowledge of other men in this as in all other cases of the division of labor. With a little attention he may make for himself a proximate determination of the value of his manures and soils, to serve as a general guide; but an accurate analysis can only be made by the professional chemist; and we hope the day is not far distant when the "consulting agriculturists" whose special profession it is to aid and counsel the practical farmer in all the scientific part of his labors, shall be established and patronized at the South as in other countries where agricultural science is advanced and appreciated.

As an evidence of the results of strictly scientific farming based upon an accurate analysis of the soil, we submit the following illustration. "Prof. Mapes once purchased some land which could not produce corn at all, and by applying only such manures as analysis indicated to be necessary, at a cost of less than $2 per acre, he obtained the first year over *fifty bushels of shelled corn per acre.* The land has continued to improve, and is as fertile as any in the State. It has produced in one season a sufficient crop of cabbages to pay the expense of cultivation, and over $250 per acre besides, though it was apparently worthless when he purchased it." Such facts

need no comment, they vindicate themselves. We have only space for a concise statement of the specific effects of some of our more valued mineral manures to indicate to the practical farmer their uses and value.

Lime may be placed first in the category, both because of the ease with which it can be obtained, and the variety of modes in which it exerts its beneficial action in the soil. For the purpose of nutrition, the artificial application of lime would in most cases be of comparatively little value, since but little of it is really needed in the composition of many plants, and the small quantity required is generally present in the soil. But if your land be sour, the application of lime will, by neutralizing the acid, correct the acidity; if it be supplied with organic matter, the application of lime, by its caustic action, will hasten decomposition, thus preparing nutriment for the plant, and a genial warmth to the soil; if it be stiff and clayey, the application of lime will assist in crumbling and pulverizing it, by uniting with its silica and other elements, thus improving at the same time its mechanical condition, and developing its chemical resources. If ammonia is being generated in it, lime will cause the oxidation of the ammonia into water and nitric acid, which, uniting with the lime, becomes fixed as a valuable manure in the soil. It is by virtue of this last action of lime, that it is useful in compost-heaps, if added before the manure is decomposed; but it should never be applied to decomposed animal matters, as it always expels the ammonia already formed in the heap.

Guano, if of good quality, is perhaps the cheapest form in which the farmer can purchase ammonia, that most valuable of all his manuring agents. Guano, as is well known, is deposited by marine-birds on uninhabited, rocky shores in regions of the earth where it seldom or never rains, or on sea-islands under similar circumstances, and which are never overflowed by the ocean. If these conditions are fully met, the result is an accumulation of immense deposits of a rich and valuable manure, covering the entire surface from one to ninety feet in thickness, and containing the accumulated treasures of centuries. These deposits are peculiarly rich in soluble ammoniacal salts, and if drenching rains too frequently descend upon them, they of course, like our barn-yard manures, have these most valuable ingredients rapidly leached out, and carried off by the drainage. Our best guano comes from the rainless region of Peru, which lies between the fifth and twentieth degrees of south latitude. Its special value consists in the abundance of its ammoniacal salts by which it acts as a universal stimulant to all sorts of plants in all kinds of soils. So powerful, however, is the action, that it should always be thoroughly mixed with earth, not only to prevent its contact directly with the tender roots of plants, but also to absorb the ammonia which would rapidly escape under the heating effects of a summer sun. Nearly one half of good Peruvian guano consists of salts of ammonia, and from one fourth to one fifth of salts of phosphoric acid. Both of these constituents are highly important, so much so that it is a matter of controversy to which of them its qualities as a manure should be most largely ascribed.

To the first is due, unquestionably, its highly stimulating and forcing effects, on account of which guano is specially valuable when mixed with other less active manures. When added to stable composts its ammonia gives to the young germ a more vigorous start by supplying it abundantly with nutriment before the other matters have become sufficiently decomposed to be digested by the tender roots. This start, of course, renders the plant more vigorous, and therefore its vital energies are more able to resist all injuries, either from disease or insects. On the other hand, the phosphates have a more

permanent action, and are required in large quantities by the seeds of all the cereal crops. When judiciously applied, experience has shown that guano will increase thirty per cent the usual yield of grain, beets, and potatoes, while it greatly improves all varieties of field and garden-crops.

The precise time of application, whether before the crop is planted, or at the time of sowing the seeds, or after the plants have come up, is of comparatively little importance provided suitable precautions are taken to prevent the escape of the ammonia, and provided, also, it is applied in time to allow the plants to have free use of it in the early period of their growth.

Gypsum, or plaster of Paris, has also its peculiar and specific action in many cases of great interest to the farmer. Containing both lime and sulphur, it furnishes in a two-fold form essential elements for the composition of plants. Lime and sulphuric acid are each required to a greater or less extent by all of our field-crops, and the latter is often deficient especially where oats, potatoes, or turnips are cultivated, as these crops extract it from the soil in considerable quantities. But the more common use of gypsum is as an absorbent of ammonia; for this purpose it is valuable when sprinkled around our stables, poultry-houses, and wherever else offensive but useful gases are escaping into the air from decomposing animal substances.

The sulphuric acid of the gypsum, by combining with these gases, not only preserves them as valuable manures for future crops, but at the same time purifies and renders more healthful the surrounding atmosphere. Gypsum, even when scattered upon the open fields, exerts a similar action upon the ammonia which is always present in the air, absorbing and fixing it in the soil for the benefit of the growing plant. Upon chemical principles, a substitute for gypsum, in most of its uses, may be easily manufactured by every farmer out of common lime and salt, at a cost much less than the usual price of plaster. Take pure fresh lime, and slack it with water thoroughly saturated with common salt, at the rate of three bushels of lime to one of salt. Allow the mixture to remain under shelter ten or twelve days, the longer the better, applying the salt brine at intervals, and stirring the mass till the whole of the brine is absorbed by the slacking process. The work is then done. The lime by its powerful affinity, aided by heat and other chemical actions involved in the process, has decomposed the salt and appropriated its chlorine, forming chloride of lime, while the sodium of the salt thus set free has become oxidized, and uniting with the carbonic acid of the air, is converted into carbonate of soda. Both the chloride of lime and the carbonate of soda thus formed are useful agents in the hands of the practical farmer; but it is the first which specially substitutes for gypsum as an absorbent of fertilizing gases, and may be used in its place successfully in all cases where a disinfecting and absorbing agent is desirable.

As a food for plants, this compound also furnishes to the soil more of the elements that are necessary for vegetable growth than is supplied by the gypsum for which it is substituted, for while the gypsum furnishes only lime and sulphuric acid, the mixture contributes lime, chlorine, and soda.

A brief allusion to a single other example of the many valuable manures which science, aided by the skill of practical men, has brought within the reach of every farmer, must close what we have to say in this connection. We refer to the use of green manures, or the plowing in of green crops for manuring purposes. If antiquity is any evidence of merit, the system of green manuring, as is shown by the writings of Virgil and Xenophon, is entitled to the fullest confidence. And in modern times the distinguished reputation of Flemish farmers throughout

all Europe is due perhaps not more to their judicious rotation of crops, or their skillful and scientific culture of the soil, than to their long combined system of green manuring. The crops most appropriate for this purpose are those which draw their nourishment largely from the atmosphere, among which we may enumerate clover, peas, turnips, etc. The proper time for plowing them under is just at the period of blooming, as they then contain most nitrogenous matter in their composition.

The benefits accruing from this system may be concisely summed up as follows: 1. The green manure while growing shades the ground. 2. When plowed under, it furnishes on the surface the inorganic salts brought up from below by long tap-roots. 3. It increases the fertility of the land by contributing organic substances derived from the air. 4. It furnishes its valuable manures on the spot without the expense and trouble of hauling. 5. It loosens and mellows the soil by being incorporated with it. 6. It warms the soil by its decomposition.

Thus we have submitted rather a meagre synopsis than a full discussion of some of the more interesting practical matters connected with the farm and its interests. And, now, in conclusion, may we not fairly reckon also, among the practical results which have followed from the connection of agricultural science with agricultural art, its religious bearings—the insight which it gives into the wisdom, power, and goodness of God.?

The farmer, in the legitimate pursuit of his calling, is necessarily a student of nature, being brought into daily contact with the works and ways of the great Creator; and as he watches the revolutions of organic matter from life to death, and from death back to life again, he can but see that

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;"

and in no pantheistic sense either; for everywhere are found the proofs of design. Germination, growth, maturity, decay, and back into germination form the links of an endless chain—a connected whole—parts of a single plan—the offspring of a single mind. If he communes with inorganic matter, and through the medium of his science, interrogates the minutest atoms of the earth, he finds them also only agents of the great Architect — ministers of his that do his pleasure, having each his appropriate office work in the one universal scheme of the one universal Mind.

Examine one of these dumb-mutes of nature. Summon it to your presence it is an atom of oxygen. By experiment and observation inquire its mission; even while you speak, it vitalizes the breath you draw. Watch it; though it has no voice, by a mute but eloquent and impressive pantomime, it tells of a thousand offices it has been commissioned to fulfill in the name of the Master. Here with noiseless tread it acts as a scavenger, consuming and removing by the slow process of decay the loathsome carcasses of the earth from the sight of man; there on rapid wing it seizes the pestilential vapors of the atmosphere and converts them into healthful air. Here it grapples with the sluggish particles of carbon, seizing and hurrying them away to their appointed place in the framework of some giant oak; and anon it touches with a lovelier hue the delicate petals of some tiny flower, or kindles with a richer glow the blood that mantles the cheek of beauty. Everywhere it points to a God of love and mercy —a God over all, through all, and in all. Such are the daily lessons of nature. Such is the daily pursuit of the farmer.

Prof. J. R. B.

CHAT AND CLIPPINGS.

We have heard of persons falling in love with one another at first sight; of a passion kindled up by the sight of photographs mutually exchanged, without the sight of the person; and of engagements entered into, not from a view of any charms of the outward form, but from an acquaintance with the mind and heart obtained through friends, and by correspondence in writing.

But who in modern times, even among the writers of romances, ever dreamed of parties becoming mutually enamored of each other by the views they had in dreams? There is, however, a singular story to this effect which has come down from antiquity.

As the legend goes, a king of Scythia, by the name of Omartes, had a daughter by the name of Odatis, the only one. She and the king of the country above the Black Sea, between the river Don, and the Caspian Sea, "fell mutually in love from the sight of one another's image in a dream. But Omartes, her father, having no son, wished her to marry one of his own relatives or near friends. He therefore summoned them all to a banquet, at which he desired Odatis to fill a cup with wine, and give it to whomsoever she chose for her husband. Meanwhile, however, Zariadres (the king who had fallen in love with her) had received notice from her of her father's intentions, and, being engaged in a military expedition near the banks of the Don, he set out with only one attendant; and having traveled eight hundred stadia, (one hundred miles,) arrived in the banquet-hall of Omartes, disguised in a Scythian dress, just as Odatis, reluctantly and in tears, was mixing the wine at the board where the goblets stood. Advancing close to her side, he whispered, 'Odatis, I am here at thy desire, I, Zariadres.' Looking up she recognized with joy the beautiful youth of her dream, and placed the cup in his hands. Immediately he seized and bore her off to his chariot; and so the lovers escaped, favored by the sympathizing attendants of the palace, who when Omartes ordered them to pursue the fugitives, professed ignorance of the way they had taken."

It is singular that this story, so popular of old in Asia, has not been worked over by some of our novelists. It is found in Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS OF CATO THE ELDER.

Popilius, as general, held a province where Cato's son served in his army. It happened that Popilius thought proper to disband one legion; he dismissed, at the same time Cato's son, who was serving in that legion. When, however, through love of a military life, he remained in the army, his father wrote to Popilius, that if he suffered him to continue in the service he should, for a second time, bind him by the military oath; because the obligation of the former having been annulled, he could not lawfully fight with the enemy. So very strict was their observance of laws in making war. There is extant a letter of old Cato to his son on this occasion, in which he writes, that he heard he had got his discharge from the consul, while he was serving as a soldier in Macedonia, during the war with Perseus. He therefore enjoins him to take care not to enter upon action; for he declares that it is not lawful for a man who is not a soldier to fight with an enemy.—*Cicero.*

MONOPOLY AND SLAVERY.

There is a closer connection between freedom of trade and freedom of institutions than is generally imagined: every protected interest exists at the expense of all the other classes of the community, and being based on injustice, must connive at injustice in others. Prospective loss, however great, is constantly hazarded by the ignorant and unthinking for immediate gain, however small. And it was this selfish policy which enabled the Austrian line of Spanish monarchs to overthrow the ancient constitution of the country, and to render Spain a memorable example of the great truth that a land of monopoly soon becomes a land of slavery and eventually a land of misery.—*Taylor's Manual of History.*

BALTIMORE.

We of the South can not feel too grateful to this noble city for her kindness to our prisoners during the war, for her princely charities to our sufferers all over the South, not exhibited merely in the Great Fair, which raised $100,000 for their relief, but also in thousands of acts of private beneficence known only to the individuals relieved by it. We subjoin an article which shows that our cotemporaries as well as ourselves feel that grateful acknowledgments are due to those who have been "friends in need." Now the gratitude of words may be a very beautiful thing, but that of deeds is much more lovely. We trust soon to be able to show how our appreciation of disinterested goodness may be exhibited in a more substantial manner.

"BALTIMORE.—Baltimore will ever be enshrined in the memories and affections of the Southern people. That city and its people have sympathized with us in prosperity and adversity. And now in the hour of our poverty and suffering they have not forgotten us. Theirs has been love without reward, kindness without recompense, save in our eternal gratitude.

"The plan lately put on foot by hundreds, nay thousands of the noble men and women of Baltimore, to hold a great fair or bazaar in their city shortly after Easter, for the benefit of the suffering and poverty-stricken people of the South, is a noble evidence of the love and charity of Baltimore. Speaking for our people, we find a difficulty in expressing all we feel, when we contemplate this touching example of sublime charity, so nobly displayed by the people of Baltimore.

"This is no ordinary fair which they are inaugurating, but it is a gigantic effort of humanity and love; it is the substantial utterance of great-souled men and noble-hearted women who have heard the cry of distress which has gone up from our people, and having heard it, responded in *acts* and not in *words*. We shall not forget it. It finds a grateful echo in our breasts and cheers us by its tones even as the voice of a loved friend brings consolation to the house of grief and suffering.

"In the bleak moral desert of this cold and selfish world, Baltimore greets us with an oasis of love and compassion. God bless her lovely women and whole-souled men! Already are their names and memories dear and sacred to many of our sons and brothers, who once languished and pined in prison. The deed of holy charity with which they now crown themselves will fill the measure of their fame, and cause their memories to shine with celestial light. The aid which they shall render to our suffering people, will send a ray of happiness to many a darkened household, whose inmates, fed and

clothed by the beautiful charity of Baltimore, will bless her name and pray for her people."—*Richmond Times.*

EXAMPLE FROM SPANISH HISTORY.

The Hon. Charles E. A. Gayarré, the author of the History of Louisiana, and himself a descendant of the historical family of that State, has contributed to De Bow's Review the annexed beautiful story from Spanish history. There is probably no one on this continent more familiar with Spanish literature than is Mr. Gayarré:

"Some centuries ago two kings were contending for the crown of Castile. We forget their names for the present; but to facilitate the telling of my story, we shall call one Alfonso and the other John. Alfonso proclaimed, of course, that John was a usurper and a rebel, and John returned the compliment. Well, John at last defeated his rival, horse and foot, and carried every thing triumphantly before him, with the exception of a single town, which Alfonso had intrusted to a stout old knight called Aguilar, and which, after a long siege, still remained impregnable.

"'You have done enough for honor,' said King John one day to the knight, 'surrender and you shall have the most liberal terms.' 'If you had read the history of your country,' answered Aguilar, 'you would have known that none of my race ever capitulated.' 'I will starve you, proud and obstinate fool.' 'Starve the eagle, if you can.' 'I will put you and the whole garrison to the sword.' 'Try,' was the laconic reply, and the siege went on.

"One morning, as the rising sun was beginning to gild with its rays the highest towers of the beleaguered city, a parley sounded from the camp of the enemy. The old knight appeared on the wall, and looked down on the king below. 'Surrender,' said John again. 'My rival, Alfonso, is dead, and the whole of Castile recognizes my sway, as that of its legitimate sovereign.' 'Sire, I believe you, but I must see my dead master.' 'Go, then, to Seville, where his body lies. You have my royal word that I shall attempt nothing against you on your way; nor against the city in your absence.' The knight came out with banner flying, and a small escort of grim-visaged warriors. Behind him the gates closed; before him the dense battalions of the enemy opened their ranks, and as he passed along, slowly riding his noble war horse, shouts of admiration burst wide and far from the whole host who had so often witnessed his deeds of valor, and the echoes of the loud and enthusiastic greeting accompanied him until the red plume which waved in his helmet was out of sight.

"He arrived at Seville, and went straight to the Cathedral, where he found the tomb of his former sovereign. He had it opened, and gazing awhile with moist eyes at the pale face which met his look, he thus addressed the dead monarch: 'Sire, I had sworn never to deliver to any body but yourself the keys of the town, which you had intrusted to my care. Here they are. I have kept my oath.' And he deposited them on the breast of King Alfonso. Then, bestriding his good steed, he galloped back to his post. As soon as he approached, again the ranks of the enemy opened, and King John confronted him. 'Well,' said the King, 'are you satisfied, and do you now give up the contest?' 'Yes, Sire.' 'Where are the keys of the town? 'On King Alfonso's breast. Go and get them. We meet no more.' "By heaven! we shall never part,' exclaimed the king; 'get the keys back yourself and remain in command of the town in my name.' The followers of the king murmured, and complained of his rewarding a